

The QUIVER



July 1916

7^d net

MY CAMPAIGN *COMPANION*



BEECHAM'S PILLS
COMPLETE THE KIT.

OXFORD
1891
5000-1891

Per 1419 d. 95



"VALET" AutoStrop Safety Razor

Because it strops itself it saves expense for new blades. Because its blades are always super sharp they give always a velvety shave. And because it is both stropped and cleaned without removing the blade or unscrewing a single part, it represents the simplest and quickest method of shaving ever invented. Quite different from every other kind of safety razor.

A "no-stropping" razor is a source of continual expense for new blades, but the "Valet" Razor is a permanent economy, besides being a very real comfort. You obtain a new edge on the blade in 12 seconds without removing it from the razor frame.



THE WORD 'VALET'
ON RAZORS, STROPS
AND BLADES
INDICATES THE
GENUINE PRODUCT
OF THE AUTOSTROP
SAFETY RAZOR CO.,
LTD., LONDON, ENG.

THE STANDARD SET
consists of heavily silver-plated
self-stropping Razor, twelve
"Valet" blades, "Valet"
horsehide strop, in leather-
covered or nickel-
plated case, complete **21/-**

Obtainable of all high-class dealers throughout the world.
AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Ltd., 61, New Oxford St., London, W.C.

THE QUIVER



See this
Trade Mark in
purple every few
inches on each sole;
without it the leather is
a substitute.

For
your own
protection
obtain a receipt
stating that your
Repairer used Dri-ped.

Dri-ped is double-wearing, absolutely water-proof, light and flexible, non-squeaking, non-slipping. Boot Repairers use Dri-ped, and Boot Dealers sell Dri-ped-soled new footwear in every town and village in the Kingdom.

We supply a list of Dri-ped dealers and repairers in your district on receipt of a post card.

WILLIAM WALKER & SONS Ltd., Dri-ped Advt. Dept.,
County Buildings, Cannon Street, Manchester.

Lighter leather— Lighter boot bill

Shopping, tramping, walking your hardest, cannot wear Dri-ped out in less than twice the time the same thickness of best ordinary leather lasts. The very lightest Dri-ped Sole wears longer than a stout sole of ordinary leather. *Think of the greater comfort and economy of Dri-ped for lot weather boots.*

Hard pavements or stony roads make no impression on the double-wear of Dri-ped; and wearing Dri-ped Soles, you and *all the family* are proof against wet feet from damp grass, sea, or summer showers. Wear Dri-ped all the year round, for its economy, comfort, and safety.

DRI-PED

THE SUPER-LEATHER FOR SOLES



SUMMER TIME

is picnic time. How the youngsters enjoy these al-fresco outings and revel in the delights of woodland life! Then comes tea time! The sticks to be gathered, the kettle to be boiled, the cloth to be laid, and finally the basket to be opened. With what a shout of welcome the youngsters greet their favourite—

Laitova
Lemon Cheese

The daily spread for the children's bread

It's really so delicious that the children are always looking forward to having it—you can't give them too much. Grown-ups like it just as much, and the housewife likes it too—it *saves the butter bill.*

Any day and every day Laitova will receive a hearty welcome, but more than ever on picnic days. Get an 8½ lb. jar from your grocer to-day.

For **SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM, LTD., Cornbrook, Manchester.**

THE COUNTRY
OF THE
FUTURE



THE ORCHARD
OF THE
EMPIRE

BRITISH COLUMBIA

The Canadian Province for Mixed
Farming, Dairying, Fruit Growing,
Ranching, and Poultry Raising.

POSSESSES VAST FOREST AND MINERAL WEALTH.

Total Mineral Production to date over £100,000,000.

*Estimated stand of merchantable
timber, 400,000,000,000 feet B.M.*

Full particulars free of charge on application to the Agent-General
for B.C., British Columbia House, 1 & 3 Regent Street, London.



CLARK'S

DRESS STANDS

MAKE HOME DRESSMAKING EASY.

Why not make your own Summer Costume and save money? The model as illustrated is made to your exact size, padded and covered for pinning, and sent packed in box for **25/6**. Full illustrated catalogue with photographic designs and measurement chart sent free on application.

CLARK'S DRESS STAND COMPANY,
Tottenham Street,
Tottenham Court Road,
LONDON, W.

THE QUIVER



What the Sergt.-Major said !

A Sergt.-Major in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who sent his Waterman's Ideal to have a new nib fitted, writes :—

"May 3rd, 1916.

"I am delighted to have my old chum back again and in such good working order.

"During the time I was without my pen I had two sent me from England of other makes, which nearly drove me mad, apart from ruining a Service Dress Jacket."

Moral: Give your friend the one pen which is best fitted to stand active service conditions—Waterman's Ideal.



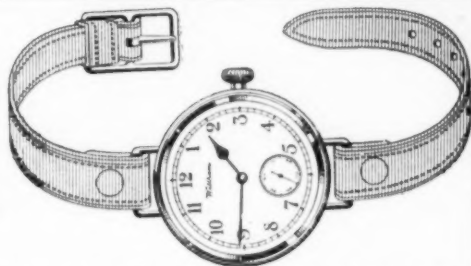
Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

For the Regular Type, 10/6 and upwards. For the "Safety" Type and the New Lever Pocket Self-filling Type, 12/6 and upwards. The "Safety" Type can be carried in any position.

Of Stationers and Jewellers everywhere. In Silver and Gold for presentation. Fullest satisfaction guaranteed. Nibs to suit all hands—exchangeable if not suitable. Booklet free from—

L. G. SLOAN, The Pen Corner, Kingsway, London.

**This
Waltham "Wristlet"
is absolutely the best
to send your Friend
on "Active Service"**



It is a strong, serviceable watch, neat, and—best of all—thoroughly reliable. There never have been watches to equal Walthams for accuracy, and this Waltham "Wristlet" maintains the Makers' great reputation.

To have this Waltham on your wrist is to know the exact time at a glance. You will not be

wondering whether it is fast or slow; you'll know it's right—because it is a Waltham.

To give this Waltham to your soldier friend is to present him with something that will be useful, not only now but in the peace days to come. As a gift it would be hard to find its equal.

In silver case, with strap and buckle complete, from £3 3s. 9d. Luminous dials extra.

Waltham Watches

Of all Reliable Watchmakers and Jewellers.

"Wristlet" Pamphlet and Watch Booklet FREE.

Send your name and address and we will forward them.

WALTHAM WATCH CO. (Dept. 90), 125 High Holborn, London, W.C.

Established over 60 years.

THE QUIVER

BEAUTIFUL HAIR FOR ALL

A Charming Actress Explains the Secret of Her Beautiful Hair

MISS MABEL LOVE GIVES ADVICE THAT ALL MAY FOLLOW FREE OF COST

ONE of our greatest theatrical favourites is Miss Mabel Love, for her name and fame are universal. Therefore, when this talented artist gives valuable advice concerning woman's chiefest attribute—the hair—her remarks merit the keenest attention. As all know, Miss Love is the happy possessor of naturally beautiful hair, but even the best feminine gifts need constant care, hence her tribute of praise and thanks to "Harlene Hair-Drill" is of extreme importance.



Photo MISS MABEL LOVE [Artist's]
—Whose advice to all is to cultivate Hair Beauty the "Harlene Hair-Drill" way.

This charming and popular actress makes no secret of the reason why her luxuriant locks retain a perennial charm and beauty. She explains it in the few simple words, "Harlene Hair-Drill." She most confidently tells you that "Beautiful Hair for All" follows its use, and she speaks as an habitual user of this unrivalled hair treatment and preparation. Read every word of her interesting and instructive letter.

A BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS.

Writing to Edwards' Harlene Company, says:—

"I am so delighted with the wonderfully good results from the use of 'Harlene Hair-Drill' that I feel it is only right to let you know what a high opinion I have of your excellent toilet preparation.

"I have been a long and habitual user of 'Hair-Drill,' and from the day of its first use have received continuous benefit. It has kept my hair in splendid condition, and I am now never troubled with any of the many hair

ailments from which so many people suffer. I can most confidently recommend all ladies to use 'Harlene Hair-Drill' as a sure means of maintaining their hair healthy, beautiful and vigorous with the slightest amount of trouble on their part.—Yours faithfully,

(Signed) "MABEL LOVE."

Miss Mabel Love is but one of the bevy of Britain's beauties whose fascination and charms have endeared them to the public, who have so willingly written to the Edwards' Harlene Co. in appreciation of the unbounded benefits derived from the use of "Harlene Hair-Drill." And just as Miss Love and her sister artists have profited, so can everyone who has a care for hair cultivation. The advice, too, is easy to follow, for everyone can test "Hair-Drill" free of cost. All that is necessary to do is to fill in the annexed coupon and forward same, when by return of post the proprietors will send you the following unique Hair Beauty Gift:—

1. A Bottle of "Harlene," a true liquid Food for the Hair, which stimulates it to new growth.
2. A Packet of the Marvellous Hair and Scalp-cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo, which prepares the Head for "Hair-Drill."
3. A Bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair.
4. The Secret "Hair-Drill" Manual.

Just as Miss Love has proven in her striking instance, so can you; for no matter how unfortunate your hair condition, you can regain all its lost freshness, fragrance, beauty, health and charm by adopting the "Harlene Hair-Drill" method—the only method by which your hair may be rejuvenated and maintained in pristine excellence and health.

Fill in and sign your coupon, post at once, and then await your free trial package, when you can immediately start your hair-renewal task—a task as delightful as it will prove satisfactory.

When you have tested this free sample supply you can always obtain further supplies of "Harlene" from your Chemist at 1s., 2s. 6d., or 4s. 6d. per bottle. "Harlene" is also prepared in solid form for the convenience of travellers, etc., price 2s. 9d. per tin. "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s., 2s. 6d.; "Cremex" at 1s. per box of seven shampoos (single 2d. each), or direct from Edwards' "Harlene" Company, post free on remittance. Carriage extra on foreign orders.

"HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" GIFT COUPON

Fill in and post to Edwards' Harlene Co.,
20 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-fold Hair-growing Outfit. I enclose 4d. stamps for postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME

ADDRESS

Quiver, July, 1916.

Daimler

"Better than Ever"

ASK the owner of a Daimler how his car is running and the above is the invariable response.

Five, ten, fifteen, twenty thousand miles make no difference to the beauty of performance of the Daimler. It can truly be said that the Daimler engine is the only one that improves with age—an indication of the supreme quality, workmanship and design embodied in its production

The Daimler Co., Ltd. Coventry

London Showrooms: 27-28 PALL MALL, S.W.
HIRE DEPT.: Store St., Tottenham Court Rd., W.C.

BIRMINGHAM—Daimler House,
Paradise Street.
BRISTOL—61 Victoria Street.
CARDIFF—Park Street.

LEEDS—Harrison Street, Briggate.
MANCHESTER—60 Deansgate.
NEWCASTLE—St. Mary's Place.
NOTTINGHAM—98 Derby Road.

THE QUIVER

High Grade Second-Hand Furniture

Monthly List—good for a life-time's wear—at sacrifice prices—goods yielded to pay accumulated arrears of storage. (The Jelks Depository is one of the largest in London.) Send for Jelks' Opportunity List of High Grade Second-Hand Furniture.

FOR CASH OR ON EASY TERMS.

Half the cost and double the wear of cheap new goods. Monthly bargain list post free. Write for one at once, 250,000 square feet of showroom space fitted with £50,000 worth of Genuine Bargains.

LONDON DELIVERIES ALL DISTRICTS DAILY.

COUNTRY ORDERS CARRIAGE PAID.

A Visit of Inspection will well repay.

SKETCHES AND ESTIMATES SUBMITTED.

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO POSTAL ENQUIRIES.

Good-class Second-hand Furniture from Mansions and Flats Bought for Cash.

W. JELKS & SONS

(Established over 50 years).

263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275 Holloway Road, London, N.

Depositories—2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16 Eden Grove (adjoining).

Telephones—2578, 2599 North. Telegrams—"Jellico," London.



There!

I knew you'd stain that new frock. But never mind, there's **Moovol**.

Marvellous Moovol—the preparation that was never thought of before—removes stains almost miraculously. Just squeeze a few drops on the stain—and forget it.



TRADE MARK
MOOVOL
Regd

Removes "Iron-mould," Rust, Fruit and Ink Stains from Clothing, Marble, etc. Think what you could have saved had you known earlier. **Moovol** contains no poison—no salts of lemon—and cannot injure any fabric or the skin. A Thousandfold in the rinsing water removes the YELLOW TINGE from linen.

Send 1/- for a sample at once.

EDGE'S, Bolton, Lancs.

Sold by all descriptions of stores—chemists, ironmongers, grocers, etc. In 1/2, and 1/- tubes.

MAKE YOUR OWN LEMONADE

A long, cool drink made instantly with **GLASS LEMON!** and plain or aerated water.

NO ADDED SUGAR NECESSARY.

Freemans
TABLE DELIVERY
Walford



VAST RESULTS

are frequently obtained by advertisers in the Provincial Press. . . . We have a special list of **100 NEWSPAPERS** in which we can place advertisements at a low inclusive charge. If you have anything to sell, write for our list with full particulars. Address Advt. Manager, CASSELL & CO., Ltd., La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.


4,800 MEN'S KNITTED JACKETS



or Sweaters, Excellent Quality and Finish, in Brown, Black, Grey, Khaki, and Black and White; well made, full men's size, thick, superior knit, very strong, with sleeves, collar, pockets, also preserver fronts and buttons to match (as illustration). Excellent for Holiday, Sports or General Outdoor wear. Very warm. Special Offer, 3 for 11/6. 5/- extra.

Illustrated Galaxy Sale Catalogue of Blankets, Carpets, Linens, Bedspreads, etc., post free.

Address: **F. HODGSON & SONS, Q.V., WOODSLEY ROAD, CITY OF LEEDS.**



Allinson
UNADULTERATED
WHOLEMEAL
Bread

Eat less meat—Allinson Bread is undoubtedly the ideal summer diet when eaten with fresh fruit or salads. On Sale everywhere. See the band on every loaf.

BAILEY'S ELASTIC STOCKINGS
EXTRA FINE FOR SUMMER WEAR.

"VARIX," all about Elastic Stockings, how to wear, clean, and repair them, post free.

Bailey's Hygienic Washable Imperceptible Flesh-Coloured Trusses.
ABDOMINAL BELTS.
EVERY ARTICLE FOR SICK NURSING.
CATALOGUE FREE.
38 Oxford Street, London.



THE "DARLING" MILK WARMER

It is a simple portable Milk Warmer. The milk is heated in a few moments at a cost of less than a farthing by the small safety spirit lamp, which consumes ordinary spirit. The spirit stove is detachable from the sauceron, and can be used for other purposes. The "Darling" being constructed entirely of copper and brass is practically everlasting.

Complete as illustrated, each, 3/- (Post Free).

Write for List of ELBARD GOODS.
ELBARD PATENTS CO.
49 York Rd., LONDON, N.




For Health's Sake

THERE'S hardly a worker these days who wouldn't be better for the extra strength that Hall's Wine *never* fails to give.

Hall's Wine repairs the waste of energy, nerve, and tissue, gives worn-out Nature the very help that Nature needs, saves you from weakness, breakdown, nerve and other ills.

GUARANTEED

Buy a bottle to-day. If, after taking half, you feel no real benefit, return us the half-empty bottle, and we refund outlay.

Large size bottle, 3/6, of Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers, &c.

STEPHEN SMITH & CO., LTD., LONDON.

Hall's Wine

STANWORTH'S "Defiance" UMBRELLAS

THIS UMBRELLA

photographed before and after repair, is an example of what can be done in the Stanworth workshops.

A complete wreck in the first picture, the second shows the poor "patient" after being repaired and re-covered with the famous Stanworth "Defiance" Silk Union.

Send us your old Umbrella

to-day together with P.O. for 6/-, and it will reach you per return of post, looking as fresh as on the day you first purchased it. Postage on Foreign Orders 1/- extra.

A post card will bring you our Illustrated Catalogue of Stanworth "Defiance" Umbrellas, and patterns for recovering umbrellas from 2/6 upwards.

STANWORTH & CO.,
Northern Umbrella Works,
BLACKBURN.



EARN £5 TO £20 WEEKLY. Ladies and gentlemen are required at once to learn Advertising business at home in spare time under expert direction. You can qualify for good positions and profitable home work in short time. Write to-day for Illustrated Book explaining how. Dept. G.R., Page Davis Co., 133 Oxford Street, London, W.

HAVE YOU WEAK NERVES? My free book (interests) shows how lassitude, depression, brain fog, self-consciousness, nerve, stomach, or heart weakness may be **positively cured, under guarantee.** Enclose 2 stamps, mention ailment. Become efficient—stop failing. THOMAS INCH (Dept. G), 74 Clarendon Road, Putney, London.

JOURNALISM & EDITING BY POST

New Era Systems of Journalism and Editing—

- Will equip you for a literary career.
- Will occupy at most six months.
- Will cost one-half the usual fees.

Address enquiries, enclosing stamp:

POTTER & CO., Publishers, HOLBORN HOUSE,
22 GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON, W.C.

MSS. considered for immediate Publication or Sale.



Delecta CHOCOLATES
APRICOT AND CREAM
Ask for "DELECTA"—the name describes them.
Boisselier
BOY-SEL-ER
Watford



Walk and be well!

"Don't use motor-cars for pleasure," says Authority—no, use your legs instead. Besides, it comes cheaper—and more healthful.

To get the utmost pleasure from your walking (and to do it with utmost economy of cost) have Wood-Milne Stationary Heels fitted to your boots. They cover the whole heel and are fixed.

Then rough roads, hard pavements, ploughed fields are all like magic changed to turf-like evenness and softness, and you trip on and on—with wondrous freedom from fatigue.

Wood-Milne

'Stationary' Rubber Heels

Made in many patterns and qualities, all bearing the Wood-Milne name. No increase in price. Ask your boot-maker to fix you a trial pair.

Fig.



DON'T LOOK OLD!



But restore your grey and faded hairs to their natural colour with

LOCKYER'S Sulphur HAIR RESTORER

Its quality of deepening greyness to the former colour in a few days, thus securing a preserved appearance, has enabled thousands to retain their position.

1/6 Sold Everywhere. 1/6

Lockyer's gives health to the Hair and restores the natural colour. It cleanses the scalp, and makes the most perfect Hair Dressing.

This world-famed Hair Restorer is prepared by the great Hair Specialists, J. PEPPE & Co., Ltd., 12 Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E., and can be obtained direct from them by post or from any chemists and stores throughout the world.

SULPHOLINE

This famous lotion quickly removes Skin Eruptions, ensuring a clear complexion. The slightest rash, faintest spot, irritable pimples, disfiguring blotches, obstinate eczema, disappear by applying SULPHOLINE, which renders the skin spotless, soft, clear, supple, comfortable. For 42 years it has been the remedy for

Eruptions	Psoriasis	Eczema	Blotches
Pimples	Roughness	Scurf	Spots
Redness	Rashes	Acne	Rosacea

Sulpholine is prepared by the great Skin Specialists, J. PEPPE & Co., Ltd., 12 Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E., and is sold in bottles at 1/3 and 3/- It can be obtained direct from them by post or from any Chemists and Stores throughout the world.

Quickly removes the effects of Sunburn.

SELL

the articles for which you have no further use.

BUY

what you want through the journal that has been established for 48 years for the purpose of putting the private buyer in touch with the private seller.

EXCHANGE

something you have for something you want.

THE BAZAAR, EXCHANGE & MART

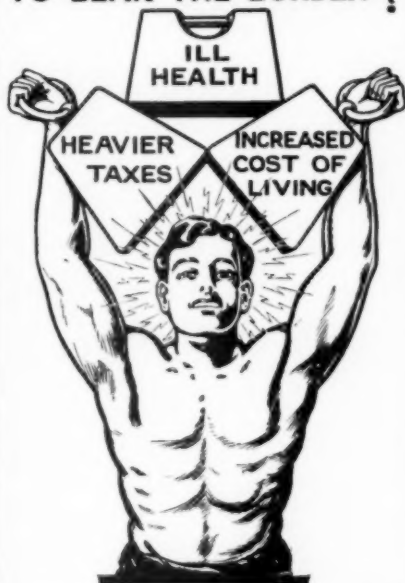
offers exceptional facilities to the private person who wishes to buy, sell, or exchange. Advertisements are inserted at 1d. for three words (minimum 4d.).

Published Thursday, 2d., and Saturday, 1d.

To be obtained from all newsagents.

Specimen copy can be had post free from the office, Windsor House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C.

ARE YOU FIT AND ABLE TO BEAR THE BURDEN?



In these strenuous times we must have our full resources at our command. Weakly and suffering, you cannot bear the strain. You require vigorous health and strength, and these you will only regain with Nature's own remedy: Electricity.

The celebrated "Ajax" Dry Cell Body Battery gives you just the right nature of current, of sufficient volume to saturate your whole system with this life-giving element. It infuses new energy, vim and power into every single nerve, muscle and tissue of your organism. You just apply the Battery for one hour daily, whilst resting, and this new life is pumped into your body without shock, inconvenience or irritation of any kind. It is powerful, but soothing, and thousands of "Ajax" patients will tell you that it achieves all we claim for it.

Cures are obtained in the most chronic cases, even when all other methods have failed. Write at once for our explanatory book, entitled "Electricity, the Road to Health," which describes how weakness is overcome and replaced by luxuriant health and strength; how pains and aches are driven out and all nerve troubles banished for ever.

WE SEND IT FREE

It costs you nothing, so write at once. You will then learn how Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Paralysis, Bowel, Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles, and a host of others, are cured by the most successful treatment in existence. Write whilst you have it in your mind, and this most interesting book, fully illustrated, will at once be sent to you under plain cover, FREE OF ALL CHARGE, by return of post. It will be an eye-opener to you, so write to-day—now.

AJAX L.D.

THE BRITISH ELECTRIC INSTITUTE

(Dept. 32), 25 HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

TO-DAY—if your baby is not thriving

Use the 'Allenburys' Foods, they develop firm flesh and bone and promote robust health and vigour. No digestive disturbance need be feared from the use of these pure foods.

The Allenburys' Foods

MILK FOOD No. 1.

From birth to 3 months.

MALTED FOOD No. 3.

From 6 months.

MILK FOOD No. 2.

From 3 to 6 months.

RUSKS (Malted)

From 10 months.

Pamphlet "Infant Feeding and Management" sent free.

ALLEN & HANBURY LTD., 37, Lombard Street, London

F 162



A very special "Jason" Elite" style in the fashionable Champagne shade.

This style is one of the most popular this summer, and gives a pleasing flesh-colour effect. All-wool 3-inch double top, and wool spliced foot; super-combed merino lisle leg and ankle with extra thread to strengthen. A Transparent stocking of much greater strength than the American artificial silk, yet of equal appearance.

Price 2/-

Also made in Black, and in White.

Do you buy Foreign Hose?

Are you unwittingly encouraging imports, to the country's discredit? If you buy unbranded stockings and socks, you probably are; for goods from abroad come without a clue to their identity—whereas you can instantly recognise the greatest British Brand and secure the finest guarantee ever carried by a stocking or sock, when you see the name—

"Jason"
ALL WOOL UNSHRINKABLE
Quality
Stockings and Socks
for Ladies, Children & Men.

Are the leading British all-wool brand, manufactured in England by British workpeople from pure Australasian wool—and are the finest, best finished, and most scientifically made stockings and socks in the World—guaranteed unshrinkable.

"Medea" is the name given to the companion range, made from other than wool, carrying the same guarantees otherwise as the famous "Jason" Brand.

"Jason" and "Medea" are sold by Outfitters and Drapers everywhere. If any difficulty in obtaining, write

JASON HOSIERY CO., LEICESTER.

His Digestion Was All Wrong

Case of Poisoned Stomach Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mr. S. Harris, 13 Hopkins Street, Treherbert, South Wales, says:—

"I don't know what caused my illness; it came on with a fit of shivering, and I had to leave off work and go home. I was in great pain and very sick. Food would not remain on my stomach; if I forced myself to eat, retching followed at once. I was told the trouble was poisoned stomach. Anyway, the outcome of it all was that I could not leave my room for fourteen weeks. All that time I was suffering constantly. My stomach seemed incapable of dealing with any kind of food; whatever I took returned, and I felt positively afraid to touch anything. Wind troubled me a lot, and sometimes palpitation, but it was the awful sickness I dreaded most. Naturally I grew very weak, and my nerves became so overstrained that I could not control them. I was just a bundle of nerves. This affected me terribly at night, and kept me from sleeping. I used to lie awake for hours, quite unable to close my eyes. A lot of medicine was prescribed for me, but I cannot say that it did any good. Anyway, in the end I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and then commenced to mend. After a few doses I felt easier, and my appetite began to return. Soon I could eat without having to suffer, and then my strength came back rapidly. It was wonderful how fast I recovered. Now I feel quite well and fit for work."



Mr. Harris, Treherbert.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

SEND FOR A FREE BOX.

Send your name and address and two penny stamps for postage, etc., to Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Box C115, Chester Road, Manchester, and you will receive a trial box free.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, Anti-Spasmodic, and of great Therapeutic value in all derangements of the Nerve and Functional Systems in old or young. They are the recognised modern home remedy for:—

Nervous Breakdown	Nervous Debility	Indigestion	Palpitation
Nerve Paralysis	Sleeplessness	Stomach Disorder	Loss of Flesh
Spinal Paralysis	Anæmia	Mal-nutrition	Premature Decay
Infantile Paralysis	Kidney Disease	Wasting Diseases	Brain Fog

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and the Critical Periods of Life.

Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India.

Prices: 1/-, 1/3, and 3/-—the 3/- size being the most economical.



Admiral Jellicoe's "Swan" Pen

M. Nabokov, Russian journalist, writing in "The Times," April 29th, 1916, states:—

"Jellicoe signed his name with my 'Swan' fountain pen, which he highly praised; and indeed it writes very smoothly and easily. Before taking leave I told the admiral that he would be affording me great pleasure if he would consent to accept this pen from me as a memento. So when I have occasion to read about the exploits of the Grand Fleet I shall imagine that the orders and reports of Admiral Jellicoe were signed with my pen."

"SWAN" FOUNTAINS

Sold by Stationers Everywhere.

From 10/6 upwards

Every Swan Pen is Guaranteed to give Complete Satisfaction.

Illustrated Catalogue free on request.

MABIE, TODD & CO., LTD., 79-80 High Holborn, London, W.C.

35 Cheapside, E.C. 2, 95A and 214 Regent St., W., London; 1 Exchange St., Manchester; 27 Ave. de l'Opera, Paris; London Factory—119-121 Weston St., S.E.



Size 1. With two rolled - gold bands. 16 6

Dare Your Kiddies to Jump Through These



The Boy's "Buckle" Brogue

For school or any wear; uppers from stout box calf, which will wear till the last stitch.

Sizes 7, 8, 9, 10 ... 9 6
" 11, 12, 13, 1 ... 10/3
" 2, 3, 4, 5 ... 11/5



Slipper Shoe

108 A slipper shoe. Useful for house, school, or summer outdoor wear. Uppers of dark brown grain goat-skin; a very tough wearer; inside finished like a gun.

Sizes 4, 5, 6 ... 4/6
" 7, 8, 9, 10 ... 4/11
" 11, 12, 13, 1 ... 5/11
" 2 ... 6/11
" 3, 4 ... 7/11

NORWELL'S 100 years' experience has taught them just the way to outwit the young folks' cleverness at mounting up the leather bill.

Try these real Scotch-made Brogue types on the children—and back the brogues.

Norwell's footwear for the kiddies is comfortable as can be—does not sacrifice comfort to wear—and keeps new-looking for any length.

Strength without weight—stoutness without stiffness—and a fit like a glove—are the chief reasons why thoughtful parents order Norwell's for the boys, girls, and babies.

Norwell's 'Perth' Boots

"Direct from Scotland"



113 Uppers cut from stout tan hide; stitched welts, the welt extending around the heels; flexible; a handy boot for sturdy children.

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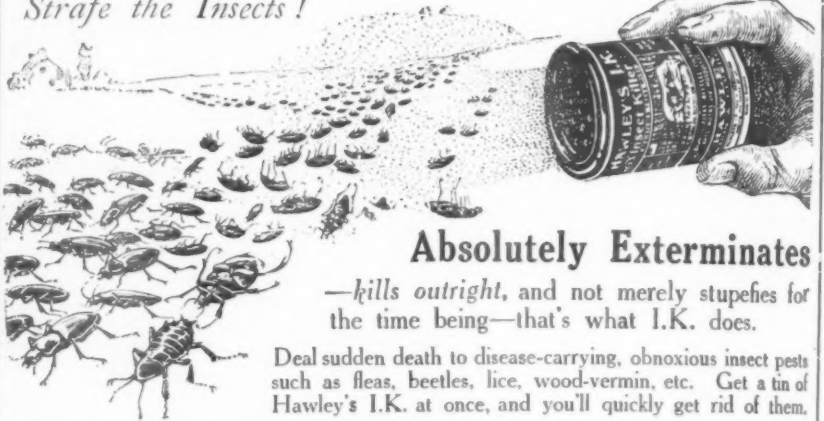
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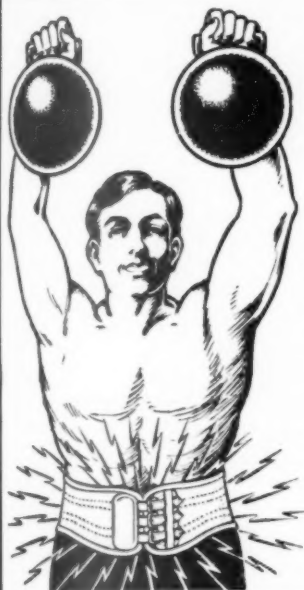
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DR.

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THE QUIVER



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(The Soldiers' Soap)

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THE QUIVER

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By THE EDITOR

THE increase in the cost of everything is apparent to the most unobservant; in some cases—as this magazine itself—the increase is really only slight, in other cases prices have gone up by leaps and bounds. We grumble—but manage to exist.

Have you thought what the increase in price means to our great Orphanages and Homes?

The other day I was on a Committee at the Queen's Hospital for Children, and heard of the difficulties in getting milk, potatoes, etc. Soon after that I had a talk with the Secretary of the Homes for Little Boys, at Farningham. The costs of the breakfasts and the suppers had gone up tremendously, but the subscriptions had not increased in proportion. Rather it is the other way round.

Dr. Barnardo's, the Home for Incurables, the Orphan Working School—all these great institutions are facing an unprecedented situation because of the war. *Will you do something to help?*

I shall be pleased to receive and forward sums from my readers. Address, The Editor,

THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C., and make cheques payable to Cassell & Co., Ltd.

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The following is a list of contributions received up to and including May 30, 1916:

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: A. E., 10s.; Miss C. Wilkinson, 7s.; H. D., 10s.; P. M. D., 8s.; Isabel and Jean Pringle, 10s.; H. D., 4s.

For *The British Home and Hospital for Incurables*: A. E., 8s.; Mrs. Ronald Bailie, 10s.; M. H., 10s.

For *Dr. Greenfield's Work in Labrador*: E. H. Daniell, 2s. 6d.; J. J. M., 10s.

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For *The Church Army Huts*: Mrs. Ronald Bailie, 5s.

Sent direct to *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: H. J. C., 5s.; M. J., 4s.

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The following is a list of subscriptions received from members up to and including May 30, 1916:

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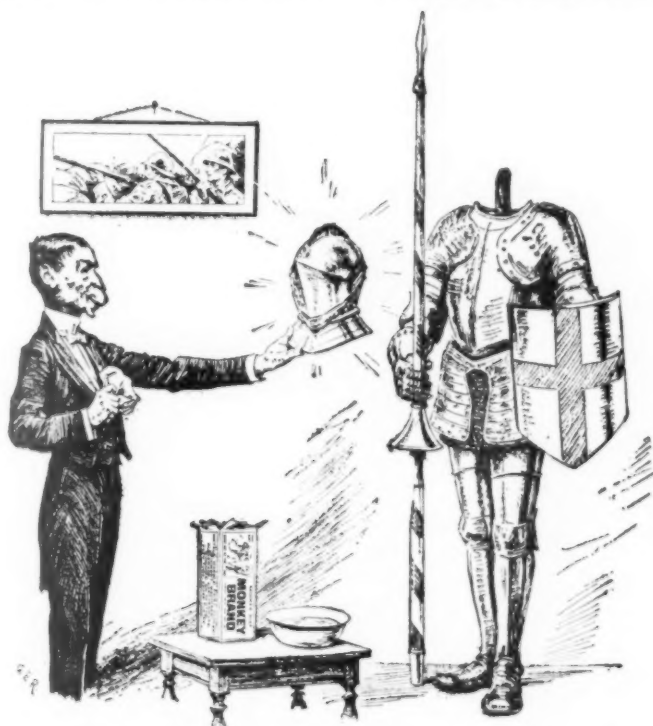


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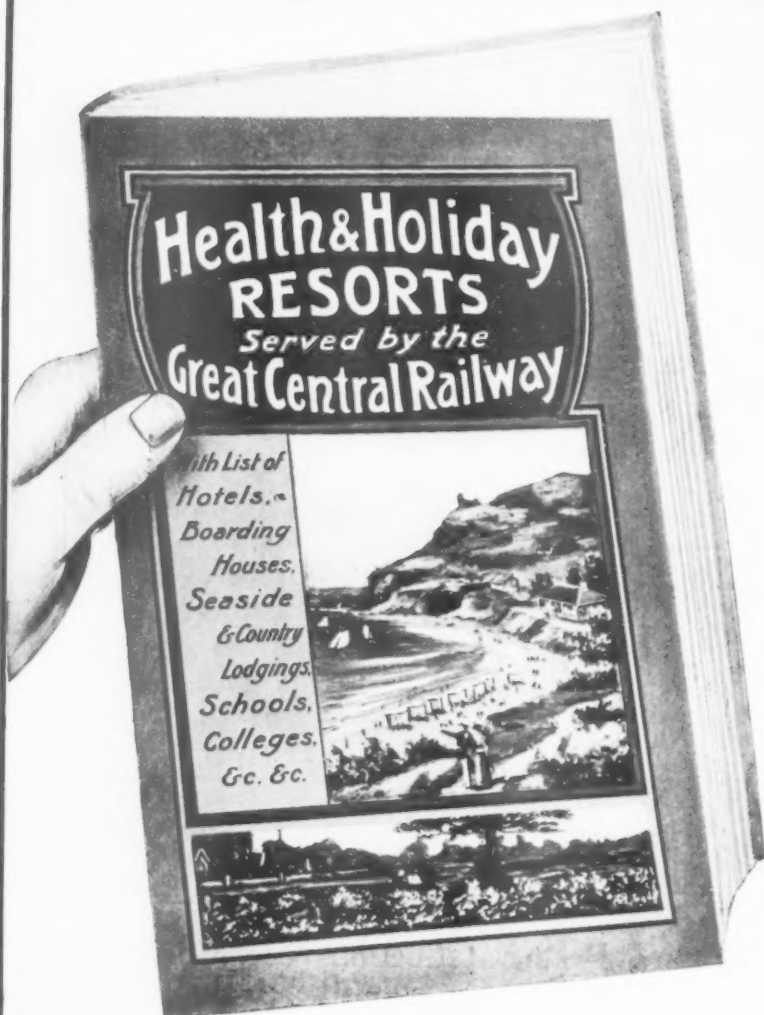
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THE QUIVER

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" . . . One lonely cove,
The haunt of wild sea-birds."



Mohammedan Pilgrims at the
Mosque of Omar.

*Photo: American Consul,
Jerusalem.*



THE QUIVER



VOL. LI., No. 9

JULY, 1916

THE HOLY CITIES OF ISLAM

And their Relation to the World War

By

HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE

A striking article describing the sacred cities of Mohammedanism, which the Government has promised to respect in the conflict with Turkey. The writer has embodied in his narrative an account of these places as given by recent visitors. The wonders of Mecca are told by an Englishman who, disguised as a pilgrim, penetrated into its sacred mosque, while a startling and sensational account is given of little-known Nejed, the holy city of the Shiites.

ONE of the first acts of the British Government, when Turkey threw in her lot with Germany and arrayed herself against the Allies, was to declare that she would respect the Holy Places of Islam, such as Mecca, the birthplace of Mohammed; Medina, where he was buried; and Nejed and Kerbela, the holy cities of the Shiites, one of the two principal sects of Mohammedans. Another famous place of pilgrimage is Meshed, in Persia, regarded by many as second only to Mecca in sanctity.

An Important Policy

It is the opinion of many that in thus agreeing to respect the inviolability of the holy places of Islam we laid the foundation of a policy that is likely to assume greater importance after the war than during the present crisis. Should Turkey lose prestige and political influence in the Mohammedan world as a result of the war, by being hopelessly beaten or by being driven out of Europe, then it may be necessary for the Allies, more particularly Great Britain, to

enter into some arrangement guaranteeing the safety of Indian and Egyptian subjects visiting the holy places. It is here where the question bristles with difficulty, for it would hardly do for Christians to set up rules or regulations respecting the conduct of the festivals. Probably the difficulty could be got over by the Government undertaking to protect the holy places from external danger, leaving the internal arrangements, such as the government of the cities, policing the routes, quarantine laws, etc., in the hands of a body of distinguished Moslem subjects, such as the Sultan of Egypt, the Nizam of Hyderabad, and other loyal Mohammedans of India and Egypt.

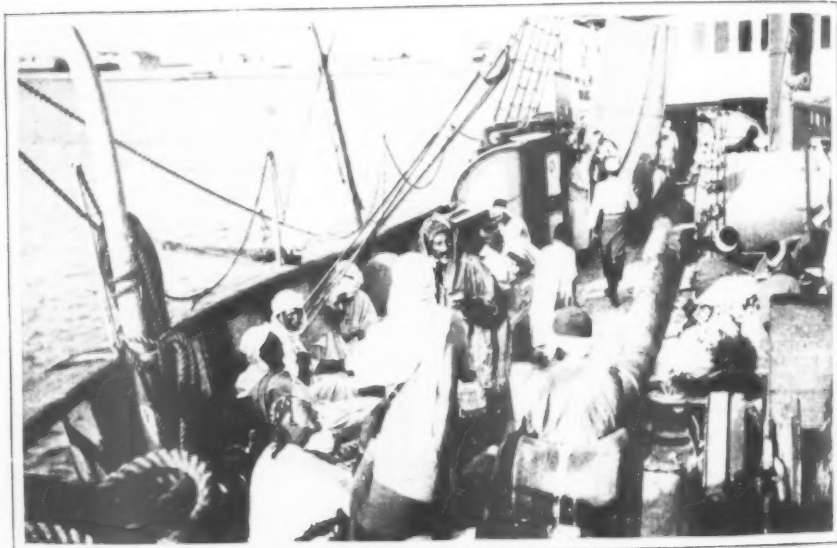
Mecca

Be this as it may, some reference to these holy cities, and the strange religious festivals that may be witnessed in them, may not be without general interest. Here I should add that the accounts of these cities have been given to me by travellers who have visited them, and for a Christian to penetrate into the forbidden city of Mecca is at once a

THE QUIVER

daring and an exceedingly risky undertaking. Indeed, since Sir Richard Burton's memorable journey to the metropolis of Moham-medanism in 1853, it is doubtful if a dozen Christians have succeeded in accomplishing a similar feat, though evidence would show that scores who have attempted to do so have paid the penalty with their lives, for they have never returned. The last Eng-lishman to set eyes upon Mecca and return

port. As to Jeddah itself, it is a typical Eastern port, with narrow, dirty streets, though possessing large stone houses and animated bazaars. After doing the 'sights' of the place, such as visiting the supposed Tomb of Eve, on the outskirts of the city (a strange monument measuring ninety-two feet long by some twenty feet broad, for the Moslems believe that the mother of the race was a veritable giantess), I shaved my head,



Moslem Pilgrims
en route for Mecca.

Photo: American College,
Jerusalem.

is probably Mr. A. H. Hinde, who visited the city in 1907. For years he had traded with the Moors in Morocco and Algiers, had adopted their religion, and had become as one of them. Indeed, his object in making the Haj, or pilgrimage, was to ascertain the possibilities of trading with the Arabs at Jeddah and Mecca.

"I made the pilgrimage," said Mr. Hinde, "by way of Jeddah. What surprised me most when I landed there was the immense throngs of people, representing all the nations of the Orient. I had never seen such crowds, though I was destined to find bigger ones still at Mecca. The pilgrims had, for the most part, been brought to Jeddah in British steamers. As many as forty large ships were anchored off that

discarded my flowing Arab robes, and donned the *ihram*, which is the only garment permitted to a pilgrim. It consists of a seamless piece of cloth, twisted round the loins so that one end may be thrown over one shoulder at pleasure.

"Although Mecca is only fifty-four miles from Jeddah, the journey, which is made on camels, donkeys, or mules, occupies two days. The caravan to which I attached myself numbered some three thousand souls, including a score or more of women and children. We left Jeddah amid the greatest of confusion, bustle, and noise at sunrise, arriving at Bahra, about thirty-two miles distant, at sunset, where we put up for the night in one of the barn-like buildings of which the village is composed. The whole

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fifty odd miles between Jeddah and Mecca is virtually desert, the only living things I saw being a few miserable-looking mimosa trees and tufts of rank, withered grass. The pilgrims travel in bands for better protection, though posted along the hells we saw groups of Turkish soldiers, whose duty it is to protect the travellers from robbers.

Inside Mecca

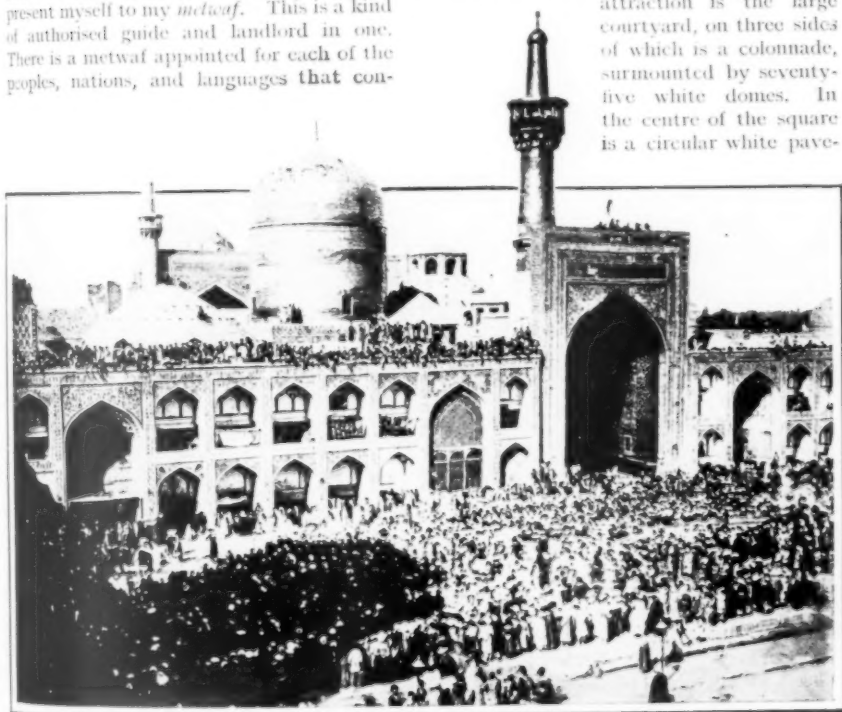
"My first duty on entering Mecca, which has little to commend it except its mosque and hordes of excited pilgrims, was to present myself to my *metwaf*. This is a kind of authorised guide and landlord in one. There is a *metwaf* appointed for each of the peoples, nations, and languages that con-

they are about the most grasping and unscrupulous blackguards in the world.

The Sacred Kaaba

"Having settled my quarters I set out with my guide, accompanied by several other pilgrims, to the sacred mosque, honoured by the title of Masjid al alharam, or 'the sacred and inviolable temple,' situated in the lower part of the town. The throngs were so great that we experienced considerable difficulty in threading our way through the narrow streets. The centre of

attraction is the large courtyard, on three sides of which is a colonnade, surmounted by seventy-five white domes. In the centre of the square is a circular white pave-



The Great Mosque at Meshed, showing a Gathering of Pilgrims.

gregate at Mecca, one for the Algerians, another for the Syrians, another for the Egyptians, another for the Persians, another for the Negroes of Central Africa, another for the Indians, and so on. As these men have to make sufficient money during the two months or so that the pilgrimage lasts to keep them for the remainder of the year,

ment, on which stands the Kaaba, and other sacred edifices, enclosed with iron posts and a rope some twelve feet high. The Kaaba is an almost square erection, standing about thirty-five feet high, entirely draped in a heavy black cloth or carpet, and it is towards this that all Mohammedans in every part of the world turn their faces when they pray.

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It is to them the most sacred spot on earth, the place of answered prayer, above which in the heaven of heavens Allah himself sits and draws his pen through people's sins. The legend attached to it is that this edifice was built by Abraham as a place of worship on the occasion of the outcasting of Ishmael.

"The first ceremony which the pilgrim on arrival at the holy city performs is that known as the Tawaf, which consists in encircling the Kaaba seven times. Forcing

our way into the courtyard, by no means an easy feat on account of the great crowd, we marched round and round the prescribed number of times. To say the least it was exciting. Imagine yourself in a densely packed throng, everyone perspiring freely, for it was very hot, all excited, and everyone hoarsely roaring out a prayer. Then comes the kissing of the Black Stone. This is a meteorite, set in silver, at one of the corners of the Kaaba. The fable told concerning it is that it is one of the precious stones of Paradise, and fell down to earth with Adam, and, being taken up again, or otherwise preserved at the Deluge, the angel Gabriel afterwards brought it back to Abraham when he was building the Kaaba. Before it surged a mob of fanatics, and it was two hours before I finally reached it, when I hastily pressed my lips upon it, shouting out the name of the Prophet as I did so. When I emerged from the crowd I found my ihram torn and I was bathed in perspiration; so when I was hurried off to drink of the waters of the sacred well of Zem-Zem, said to be the spring shown by God to Hagar, I swallowed my portion at a gulp, and asked for more. This created a good impression, for it is said an infidel cannot drink of it without being choked.

In a Whirl of Excitement

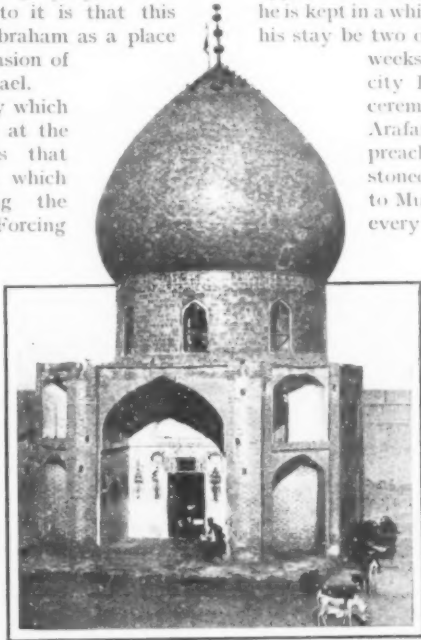
"Of the ceremonies which the devout Moslem may perform at Mecca there would appear to be no end, with the result that he is kept in a whirl of excitement whether his stay be two or three days or several

weeks. Before I left the holy city I took part in the Sai ceremony, visited Mount Arafat, where a sermon is preached from Adam's Pillar, stoned the Satans, and went to Muna, where the head of every Moslem family sacri-

fices a sheep. The Sai ceremony consists in passing backwards and forwards seven times between the hills of Sarfa and Marwa, marking the alleged graves of Hagar and Ishmael, a distance of perhaps three hundred yards, at the same time calling out the prescribed prayers. As the route for the most part is narrow and the road bad and pilgrims are continually passing both ways at the same time, collisions are

of frequent occurrence, and what with the babel of prayers in many tongues and the shouts of the excited throngs, the spectacle of Sai can hardly be described as an edifying one.

"Here I might add that while in the holy city, and also at Jeddah, I was told that there was living in Mecca an Englishwoman. It appears she was carried thither by a Hindu, whom she married, shortly after the Indian Mutiny. Her husband having died at Mecca, she has remained there ever since. She is said to be over eighty years of age, and although she has been afforded every opportunity of returning by the Turkish authorities she has elected to stay. I could, no doubt, have easily hunted her up, but such an action might have aroused suspicion and proved disastrous for us both. I also visited Medina, the burial-place of the Prophet, to which, of course, there is no set



Mosque,
near Kerbela.

Photo: American Colony,
Jerusalem

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time of pilgrimage. Although smaller than Mecca, it is far cleaner, healthier, and boasts of an excellent water supply. In the mosque here is the celebrated tomb surrounded by a trellised screen of highly polished brass."

Next to Mecca and Medina come Kerbela and Nejeff, the holy cities of the Shiites, situated in the desert in the great Euphrates valley. The members of this sect uphold the claim of Hussein, a nephew of the Prophet, and son of Ali and Fatima, as the rightful successor to the Caliphate, and it was whilst attempting to uphold his claim that he was killed in battle at Kerbela, where he was buried. It is some sixty miles from Bagdad, while Nejeff is about the same distance again from Kerbela, both cities being approached by the Shiites from Persia and India by way of Bagdad.

The Holy Places of Mesopotamia

Mr. Frederick Simpich, an American traveller, who recently visited these mysterious cities of Mesopotamia, in company

with two Turkish officials, gave me a most sensational account of what he saw there. "We left Bagdad at 2 o'clock on a starlit morning," he said, "in an arabanah, a four-wheeled coach drawn by four mules harnessed abreast, as it was our intention to reach Kerbela that afternoon. We were soon bowling at a lively gait over the country, which was for the most part flat and uninteresting, changing mules at the khans or caravanserais, of which there are five between Bagdad and Kerbela. They are mud-walled desert strongholds, where pilgrims find accommodation for man and beast.

"About half-way to Kerbela, and scattered for a mile along the route, we passed a caravan taking corpses for burial at the holy city of Nejeff. Among the dead was the body of a Persian nobleman. Three hundred paid mourners, who had come all the way from Teheran, sent up their weird chant as we passed. Strict as are the Turkish quarantine regulations, badly 'cured' bodies or bones are often smuggled



Street Procession
on the Prophet's Birthday.

Photo: American Colony,
Jerusalem.

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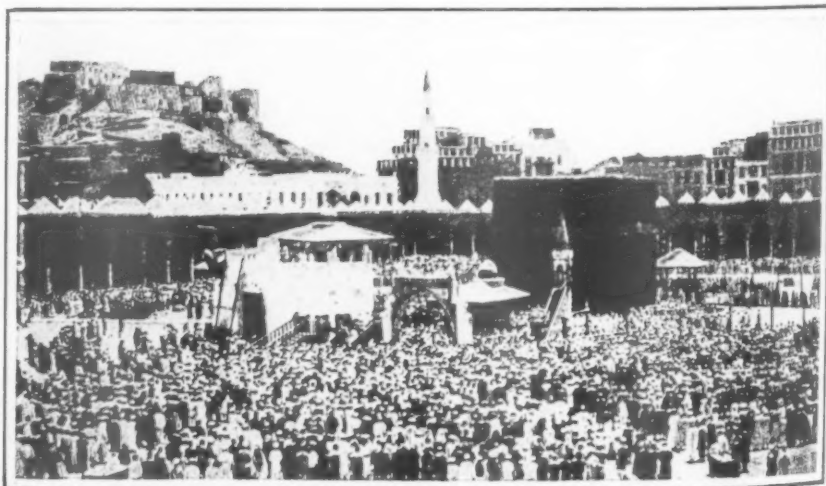
in from Persia, and on a hot day the wise traveller will stay at a discreet distance from these death caravans. It is a month's marching from Teheran to Kerbela, and these dismal persons had wept all the way."

It is in the famous mosque at Kerbela, of course, that Hussein, the son of Ali, is buried, and in the vaults about his tomb are stored the priceless offerings of the Shiites. The Wahabi marauder, Abd-Allah, looted the treasures of these vaults in the last century, carrying off gold tiles from the dome of the mosque, great quantities of gold coin, rich Kashmir shawls, etc., and many Abyssinian slaves.

While not a few Christians have entered Kerbela and have strolled about its narrow streets and bazaars without being molested, it certainly would not do for them to attempt the same feat at Nejef. Here the inhabitants are most fanatical, and it would be instant death for a Christian to be seen near its famous mosque. As already stated, the city lies some sixty miles from Kerbela. Between these cities there are many interesting shrines and tombs. Near Nejef, for instance, there is the alleged tomb of Jonah at Kefil, a picturesque little village on the banks of the Euphrates. The memory of the prophet is held in great reverence by all Moslems.

"Nejef itself," said Mr. Simpich, "is situated right in the desert, and is surrounded by a high wall. Its narrow, crooked streets, in some places mere passages three or four feet wide, wind about like jungle paths. The mud-plastered houses were all two storeys high, and, odd as it sounds, had no windows facing the street. Only a wooden door, massive and bolt-studded, but so low that one must stoop to enter, opened to the street. One of the strange things of this extraordinary city is its cellars. In summer the fierce heat drives the panting people deep down into the earth, like rats in a hole. Underneath every house is a cellar, burrowed mine-like to an amazing depth; one I explored reached the astonishingly low level of more than a hundred feet below the street. Down into these damp, dark holes the people flee on the approach of hot weather. Some of the cellars are arranged in a tier of cells or rooms, one below the other; the upper room is used for the first hot months, the family going lower down as the heat increases.

"Nejef's principal attraction, of course, is the Mosque of Abbas, in memory of an uncle of Mohammed, whose great dome, covered with tiles of gold, is visible for miles. I was simply amazed at this dazzling structure. The great gold tiles not only cover



The Mosque at Meccah.

This is the most sacred spot on earth to Mohammedans, towards which every Moslem turns at the hour of prayer.

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Typical Khan or Caravanserai—used by Pilgrims—
between Bagdad and the Holy Cities of Kaida and Nejef.

Photo:
A. B. W. Holland.

the dome, but run down to the very base of the building itself. And on the inside of the walls about the courtyard into which I peeped were sprawling Arabic characters, twenty inches high, cut from sheets of gold! Yet this exterior wealth is but a bagatelle compared with the value of the treasure in its vaults. For ages Indian princes, shahs, and nobles of the Shiite faith have made precious gifts to this temple at Nejef, pouring into it a priceless stream of jewels, gold, and plate.

"Near the mosque lives a colony of what may be termed perennial brides; they are legally married many times each year. When a caravan of pilgrims come in from a distant land the men in the company seek out this colony of professional marrying women. An authorised priest performs a fixed ceremony, and the pilgrim is comfortably settled as a married man during his visit and period of prayer at holy Nejef.

"More human bodies are buried in the plain outside the walls of Nejef, it is said, than in any other spot on earth, for every good Shiite not only desires to make the pilgrimage when alive, but for his bones to lie in its sacred soil when he dies. Burial sites within view of the great mosque bring a high price, and I was shown one elaborate tomb upon which a sum of £5,000 had been spent. The Turks put a tax on every corpse

imported from India and Persia; many bodies are smuggled in. It is told of one astute Persian pilgrim that he divided his grandfather's skeleton, and sent it in separate parcels by mail to save freight and tax. When a death caravan reaches the city they unpack their gruesome baggage and prepare the various bodies for burial. The crude methods of embalming and mummifying would expose Nejef to disease were it not for the dry desert air.

"In all of this unnatural city I saw not a tree or shrub; not even a potted plant. It is a dry, prison-like place of sombre grey stones and mud-plastered walls. Remove its mosque, its one priceless possession, and Nejef, with its horde who live on those who come to pray, would perish from the earth. In the 1,200 years of its eventful life not one useful article has been manufactured within its fanatical precincts."

Meshed, in Persia, is another sacred city of the Shiites, and is visited every year by a hundred thousand or more pilgrims. The sacred mosque here is built above the Tomb of Iman Riza, a follower of Ali. Unlike the other holy cities of Islam, it is accessible to Christians, and the British Government is represented at Meshed by a Consul. The mosque is said to contain priceless treasures in the way of jewels, given by Indian princes and Persian nobles.



THE INDEPENDENCE OF SARAH

An Adventure in Childhood with a Strongly Feminist Flavour

By MARY HEATON VORSE

ONE of the sights in Alice Marcey's life which seemed to her to have increased with greater and greater frequency was that of her son Robert sailing rapidly over the earth's surface like some swift hydroplane, with other of his companions, while Sarah, like a poor little inefficient rowing boat, frantically followed in their wake; and upon their having achieved a far horizon, roars would issue from the mouth of Sarah.

Now the theory of all parents is that one's children play together and derive from this playing together comfort and profit. That is how we envisage our children, that is what we hope of them.

What really happened in the Marcey household was something like this: Robert seemed to spend a large part of his noble leisure, and an extraordinary amount of ingenuity, in avoiding the presence of his sister Sarah. This out of doors. When they were in the house Robert was all too prone to plunge himself into a book, and demand in tones that made his mother think only too much of a certain type of unmannerly husband: "Can't I ever have any peace? Can't I ever read in quiet?"

Jamie, on the other hand, was what one might call a spiritually self-supporting child. He could enjoy companionship or leave it alone. The propinquity of any child had no effect on him. He played strange and independent little games by himself for long hours, to his own complete satisfaction. For long hours he built by himself, showing, it seemed to his mother, surprisingly little ingenuity. I regret to say that he used his blocks not for the making of instructive edifices, but for the construction of railway tracks, for which they were quite unsuitable, and along which he would rush the sixpenny-ha'penny engines that his father so frequently bought him.

Of these engines a word. They were

made of cast-iron, and to the adult eye they looked indestructible. In point of fact they proved to be of the utmost fragility, and in the hands of an experienced toy-breaking child they came apart with disconcerting frequency. As for getting lost, one might talk to Alice Marcey about what became of all the hairpins in the world which were lost. That to her was a simple problem. But what became of the fairly good-sized cast-iron toys that so often found their way into her family was what she wanted to know.

To this question no answer was forthcoming. They disappeared off the earth's surface; that was all she knew, and next thing Jamie was clamorously demanding another engine to shove along his block tracks. Yes, and getting it, too, although she pointed out to Tom that James was now quite of an age to take care of things, and be deprived of things for a time if he could not learn to take care of them better. To which Tom replied that it was probably the older children's fault that they got lost so often. More than that, he had always pined for engines in his own youth and never had as many as he wanted, and any child of his who wanted sixpenny-ha'penny engines to play with should have as many as he could use. That is the way that fathers uphold family discipline.

So we see, on the one hand, Jamie performing his solemn games—his mother sometimes wondered if one could call them by the name of playing, so concentrated was he—and on the other, the elusive and vanishing Robert. Between the two of them was the gregarious Sarah.

She, if you like, was perfectly willing to play with her younger brother, but she was willing to play with him only on her own terms. Any older child can tell you why this has to be. She didn't like railways or railway lines. She was for ever wanting

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to pretend that engines were something else that they evidently were not; she was for ever trying to build tracks into something else. Jamie wanted things as they were. This led to discord.

Her sense of justice made Alice feel that Jamie should be permitted to play in the way he wanted to. But she *did* feel that Robert should let Sarah into his out-of-door games. She had a theory that little boys and little girls play the same games if they are brought up naturally together. For the most part Sarah shared this opinion of her mother's; she shared it strongly; she shared it vociferously. It was Robert who differed from the opinion of the ladies of his family. He was very decided in this matter. He put it this way: "Fellows don't want a girl for ever hanging around and always yelling."

"I should think," responded his mother, "that you would want your little sister to play with you."

Thus driven into a corner, he said, "I want her to play with me, all right; but if she's going to play, why doesn't she play? She always gets hurt with the least thing, and comes home bawling."

To this Alice responded: "It's her feelings that get hurt."

"I don't care what part of her gets hurt," responded the downright Robert, "if it gets hurt and she yells, and the boys say to me, 'Hallo, there comes your sister again. Run!'"

"I can run just as fast as lots of you," said Sarah. "I can run faster than Shinnay Allen. I can run faster than Mud Morse."

"I know you can," responded her brother gloomily; "that's what makes it so rotten. We'd get away lots oftener if you couldn't."

"Lots and lots of things I can do as well as any boy," said Sarah with rapidly rising temper.

"Yes, and the fellows make fun of you," her disgusted brother answered. "Whenever there's a crowd of boys around, what do you suppose she wants to do? Show 'em how she can stand on her head!"

"They like to have me," said Sarah.

"Mud gave me a piece of toffee for showing him how."

"I don't like to see you," responded her brother, "you look like a donkey, and when you've done it you look like this."

He put his head on one side and mimicked his sister's engaging smile.

"I don't know any girl who stands on her head. You taught me," screeched Sarah.

"I know I did, but did I know you'd be

This led to discord



doing it all the time if I taught you? I'm not going to have them calling her a tomboy!" he exclaimed to his mother.

It was in that unfortunate mood that Alice undertook to explain to her son the virtues of tomboys. Did he want a weak, effeminate sister, who, later on, would be no companion to him? she inquired.

"I don't want to punch the nose of every fellow who calls her a tomboy," he responded to this. "She's awfully unobliging too. She won't be He when you ask her to."

"Why should I be He all the time, Robert Marcey?" his sister asked with some temper. "They want me to be He every single time, just because I'm a girl." Here her lips quivered, and beautiful tears trembled in her eyes. "Half the time they want me to be He and shut my eyes and count, and after a hundred or a hundred and fifty they run away and leave me. Is that fair? Would you call that a kind brother, mother?"

The wrongs of womanhood overwhelmed her, and she wept.

"There, you see!" said Robert, ready to

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seize on any text. "Do you suppose I want a cry-baby around?"

"She wouldn't be a cry-baby if you treated her decently," Alice said.

"No, I wouldn't," said Sarah, ready to grasp at any form of sympathy. "They don't treat me decently—they're mean."

"Well," responded the brutal male, "what makes you want to hang on if we're mean?"

There it was. Why, indeed? There were little girls, Robert pointed out, with whom Sarah could play.

"Lots of mothers," he added pointedly, "don't want their little girls to play with us boys. We're too rough for girls."

He gave this out in a condescending tone peculiarly irritating to his mother's sensibilities.

"I see no reason why you need be too rough," she said. "You must remember, Robert, that this garden is Sarah's as much as yours."

"Why can't she play with her dolls like other girls?"

"She probably doesn't want to play with dolls all the time," suggested Alice, memories of her own youth rising within her.

"No, I don't," said Sarah. "I want to play, and I don't want them to be mean to me."

"If you acted all right nobody'd be mean to you. If you didn't tell tales—if you weren't a cry-baby," her brother suggested.

Alice cut him short. "There are others who tell tales beside Sarah," she said.

In this fashion peace—it must be confessed of an armed sort—seemed to have been concluded, an understanding—again only a sort of understanding—seemed to have been arrived at. Alice clinched it with:

"When you boys are playing in the garden there's no reason why Sarah shouldn't play with you."

Yet she felt vaguely a brute as she said these words, and as her uneasy gaze travelled over the garden it seemed only too frequently Sarah's long legs were scissoring the lawn in loud pursuit of retreating males.

"It's not," she told her husband, "as if half the boys who come here weren't smaller than Sarah. It's all Robert's fault. He has the older masculine attitude, the fatal conservatism of childhood, and he's got to get over it, if he's going to live in the modern world."

This seemed to settle things. But, alas! in the world of children things won't stay settled. The unexpected crops up.

It was only two days after this that Alice witnessed what at first was to her a cryptic performance.

She saw Sarah in sweet converse with a small boy known to her as Brad. Sarah was at her most endearing, her most ingratiating; it would have seemed she would have moved any boy to admiration; but what did Brad do? At the end of Sarah's discourse he flung her violently against the fence. Daunted not at all by this, Sarah pursued him, still sweet. With every evidence of shame and anger he was heard to cry rudely, "Shut up! You shut up!" Words unbecoming to a well-brought-up little boy like Bradford Dudley.

Then it was the other boys who took up the hue and cry, not against Sarah, but against Bradford. They danced around him in an indecorous manner, and shrilly mocked Sarah's beguiling tones. At this, that model child, whose acquaintance Alice had been at pains to cultivate, made mud balls, rapidly, hastily, angrily, which he threw at his tormentors. He threw other things, even stones—forbidden stones. The culmination of it was that he snatched from the vine a ripe cucumber, which he shattered upon the head of one of the boys, doing considerable damage.

Strangely enough, instead of taking part against him, it was Sarah who performed the act known as "standing up for him." It was Sarah who helped throw, disproving totally that the girl child had naturally a poor aim and cannot throw straight. Alice could not have sworn it was not Sarah who pressed into his hand the disastrous and over-ripe cucumber. While she performed these acts of friendly valour, Alice heard him crying menacingly to the small feminine champion behind him: "You get away from here—we don't want you around!"

Then, anger in his voice, and tears in his eyes, he fled from the garden, followed by a group of mocking and derisive boys.

Alice had been dressing as she witnessed this remarkable occurrence, otherwise she would have been sooner on the scene with the historic words of outraged parenthood upon her lips.

"I should like to know the meaning of this!"

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"I only told him my dream," said Sarah, now in tears, "and he shoved me against the fence. I only told him my dream, and now he says he'll never speak to me again."

Robert stood by, darkly disapproving, shame enveloping him.

"Yes, and what was it you told him?"

Through her tears Sarah smiled. Mischievous gleamed in her eyes, her finger went to her lips.

"You tell," she urged her brother.

"I won't tell it," came from Robert.

"What happened?" demanded Alice.

"What was it all about? Tomatoes and ripe cucumbers," she proceeded, "are not things to throw at one another."

Then said Robert, with gloom temporarily diverted:

"I don't blame him for anything he threw—only, he ought to have thrown them at Sarah."

Here Alice's patience reached its limit.

"What I want to know," she said, addressing her daughter, "is what it's all about."

"Yes, tell her—tell her!" urged her brother, with deep and outraged bitterness.

"I was walking by the fence with Brad," said Sarah. "I'd just told him a dream, and then—" Grief again overwhelmed her as well as tears. "And he pushed me against the wet fence."

"But what had you told him to make him push you against the wet fence?" her brother protested.

"What was it?" Alice wanted to know.

With limpid innocence Sarah told them all.

"I had a dream," she said. "You remember Auntie was in, and I said to her why was it we couldn't have Christmas in the autumn, and she told me about the holly and mistletoe and the Star of Bethlehem, and everything. And I had a lovely dream."

"A lovely dream," snorted Robert.

"Yes, a lovely dream," Sarah insisted, "and I told it to Brad—and see what he did. He threw things at the boys, and the boys laughed, and he won't ever speak to me again."

"But what did you say?" urged Alice.

"All I said was what I dreamed, and it was like this; it was a very short dream.

I dreamed we had a Christmas party, and you were there, and father was there, and Auntie was there, and Jamie was there, and Robert was there, and lots of children were there—and there was holly and mistletoe, and, I forgot, Brad was there. And I said to Brad, 'Oh, see the lovely mistletoe!' And then we kissed each other, and that was all the dream."

Tears again overcame her. "And then he threw me against the fence."

"You see!" Robert cried, "You see! Is that the kind of thing to say to any feller? A feller don't want to be kissed by a girl."

"I didn't kiss him—I just dreamed about it, and it was only a play kiss, like it is at Christmas-time," cried Sarah.

So, from the depths of her female ignorance, Alice said, "I see no reason for Brad having been so rude to Sarah."

For once Robert strove for speech.

"How'd you like it if everybody laughed

"Do you suppose I want a cry-baby around?"



at you? How'd you like it if everybody called you 'Mistletoe,' and you was a little feller and could only fight the fellers your own size? How'd you like it to be me, and have them all making fun of me on account of her talking like such a donkey?"

Before this logic Alice gave way. Sarah in some way had broken one of the commandments of childhood. She had been obscurely

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guilty of the last act of indelicacy. She had done the most awful thing a child can do, which is to cause ridicule to descend upon other children's defenceless heads, and, worst of all, one of those children was her own brother.

"Why didn't they make fun of *her*?" Alice asked Robert.

"They did," he replied succinctly, "but then they make fun of all girls. Everybody knows that girls are potty; that's why the fellows don't want them around."

Alice sighed. Apparently, if your daughter was to be any more than tolerated in wholesome games in her own garden she had to be a sort of super-boy, matchless in strength, peerless in tact, and sacrificing ruthlessly all these endearing little mannerisms which made her beloved of her elders. And how could one teach Sarah a feat like this? It seemed hopeless.

She had no comfort from her aunt, to whom she told this occurrence as one of the vagaries of childhood. Her aunt had been reading Freud.

"I would keep a sharp eye on that child," was her contribution, "that dream may have a precocious significance; and I think that Sarah lacked delicacy, as, indeed, she often does."

"If you mean 'lacked delicacy' by telling innocently anything that happens to be thrown up in your candid mind," began Alice, to which Sarah's great-aunt responded austere:

"Well, can you explain to me why she is not contented to play with little girls and dolls, and other suitable things?" To which Alice responded:

"For the same reason that I was not, because I wanted some active outdoor exercise. Why should a child be thwarted in its wholesome activities at every turn?"

It was not long after this that Aunt Jane and Alice took leave of each other with a

courtesy that bordered on stiffness, Sarah's great-aunt flinging back the word from beneath her flaunting parasol, "Well, as you know, Alice, I still belong to that world which believes that girls should be girls and women women."

Alice told her husband when he returned in the evening. "All I'm trying to get and all that Sarah is trying to get, as far as I can see, is a little natural outdoor exercise with other children. If other women bring their daughters up as little prigs, I can't help myself."

"That's all right, my dear," Tom Marcey agreed with her; "but little boys have just hated from all time to have small girls tagging after them. Don't ask me why.

They always have, and I suppose they always will. And," he went on, "if anybody had talked mistletoe to me I would have gone and buried myself; any natural boy would."

And Robert, who had unfortunately sauntered along at his father's closing remark, capped it off with:

"Yes, and right in midsummer too! If it had happened at Christmas when people do have it strung up, it would have been different. But just now!"

It was the unseasonableness of Sarah's dream that constituted one of its worse features in her brother's mind. Dreams of mistletoe and holly and Santa Claus and stockings occurring round about Christmas were permissible; but dreams of mistletoe in the autumn, and the early autumn at that, indicated nothing but an unpleasant and embarrassing perversity in the mind of a young female.

For some days after that Robert refused, simply, absolutely refused, to permit Sarah to share in his games. He was diplomatic.

"Every time she comes along, they'll pick on Brad," was his explanation, "and



"Shut up, you shut up". . .

THE INDEPENDENCE OF SARAH

then, there'll be a scrap; you don't want a scrap? You always say you don't want a scrap."

It was here that Tom Marcey came to what he would have called the rescue. "Sarah," he said, "has got to have exercise. On the other hand, you can't let her butt in on the boys, if they don't want her. I'm going to put up a swing for Sarah, and it's to be hers for certain hours. At those times the boys can't come near it."

"You know," Alice protested feebly, "those'll be just the hours the boys will want the swing."

"Let it be the hours," said that illogical male. "Good for them, teach them something!"

Just what it would teach them he didn't make apparent.

Alice saw exercise in that swing; moreover she saw trouble ahead.

"Why can't they use it all together?" she asked.

"Because then Sarah would never get a look in at all, you know she wouldn't," replied Tom. "I'm going to see fair play."

The swing proved a great success. At first Sarah and her little friends who gathered from neighbouring houses used it for the legitimate purpose of swings, that is to say for swinging. Later, it became a tea-table, and doll's dishes were spread upon it. With the advent of the swing and its attendant amusements Sarah seemed to have forgotten boys and all their works. No longer did she urge to be allowed to play "cops and robbers," no longer did she wish to play hide-and-seek. One old-cat and any amount of old cats had lost their joy for her.

Meanwhile, on the fringe of this enchanted ground boys gathered. They were heard by Alice to say:

"Aw, come on, Sarah, let's have just one

swing! Aw, come on, we'll push you as high as you want!"

To this Sarah replied primly:

"My father says I'm to play in this swing by myself without boys. He thinks boys are too rough."

"Come on!" they were further heard to say, "come on, let's play house with you, Sarah! Let's play school with you."

"No," said Sarah; "we girls don't want any boys around. No, Robert Marcey, I won't let you touch my doll. Last time you had my doll you said you were an Indian, and if mother'd let you use matches you'd have scalped her and burned her, and, anyhow, you buried her and got her awful dirty."

Upon this Alice thought fit to appear on the scene. She took her son apart.

"You've asked and begged to have Sarah taken off your hands," she told him with that logic which is so irritating to childhood. "Now Sarah is perfectly happy amusing

herself I see no reason why you can't amuse yourselves alone."

"Well, we want to swing sometimes, don't we?" Robert asked in an aggrieved voice. "We aren't going to hurt the girls, are we?"

"You can use the swing at the hours your father told you."

"Yes, and when's that?" Robert asked disgustingly. "When all the older boys are out of school and we'll have to be fielding for them."

Then occurred a surprising thing. The boys who always swarmed over the Marcey place diminished in numbers. Apparently the sight of the swing, the denied paradise, was too much for them; they preferred to pursue their occupations elsewhere. Only a few jealous souls remained, and these cried



"These cried to the girls alluringly."

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to the girls alluringly words which had never passed their lips in their lives before.

"Come on and play cops and robbers with us! Come on and play marbles. Come on—you can use our scooters."

To all this Sarah, as spokesman, replied primly:

"We're playing the way my father told us to. We don't want to play those games."

"No!" cried out the bolder spirits, "you always hurt us—we always have to be He."

Pressure was brought to bear. A boy threw a horse chestnut which hit a doll on the head. Upon this Sarah, puffed up with virtue, approached her mother.

"Mother," she said, "do we have to play with the boys if we don't want to?"

"Certainly not," replied Alice. "When you little girls come in at half-past four or a quarter to five, the boys can use the swing. Until that time, as your father said, you can use it yourselves."

I must say that Sarah's report of this interview was far from conciliatory.

"Ah-ha!" she said, "Robert Marcey—ah-ha, Brad Dudley! Mother says we don't have to play with you. Mother says she'd rather have us play by ourselves."

"Well," said Robert in an aggrieved tone, "I want to know why we can't play with you?"

"We're playing grown-up games," Sarah gave back grandly.

"In grown-up games, aren't there school-teachers and aren't there fathers?" Robert wanted to know.

"Yes," replied Sarah with that awful logic of childhood, "in grown-up games they have those things, but we don't need to have them. We're only playing. We don't need you. You wait for your turn, and then you can have the swing," said she with maddening condescension.

This was the crux of it. They didn't

need the boys any more. Not needing them, they didn't want them, and the boys, those free spirits for ever escaping from the clutches of small-girl animals, resented this state of things.

"Aw, come on!" the proud Robert was heard to beseech. "Just let us play with you a little."

"No, we won't, Robert Marcey," responded his sister. "When you play with us you hurt us; you break everything; you make everything dirty; you want everything your own way."

She appealed to her mother again.

"Why should we let Robert in, when we're having a good time like we are, and, anyway, father said we don't have to?"

Perhaps Alice Marcey had the germs of feminism in her—who can tell? Maybe, instead of being a feminist, she had a sense of humour. At any rate her response was:

"No, darling, they don't need to play with you until you want them to."

"Well, we don't want them to," was Sarah's pronouncement; "we like it this way. Now we're happy—then we wouldn't be. They make fun of dolls. They'll take the swing away from us." There spoke a bitter knowledge. "Tell them to go away, mother."

Watching the crestfallen boys, Alice softened somewhat.

"If you boys and girls could manage to play together without quarrelling," she began, but Sarah cut her short.

"We can't; how can we? They knock us about, they want everything."

With this brief comprehensive word she returned to her playmates, and Alice went into the house, realising that Sarah had attained what women the world over apparently are striving to attain—spiritual independence and the means of being self-supporting.



THE POETRY OF THE WAR

By the

Rev. C. RYDER SMITH, B.A., B.D.

A LOGICIAN might think that poetry and the War have little to do with each other, but, as often, history confounds the logician. It would not be a great exaggeration to say that the finest poems are all about war! If anyone be asked to name the greatest poets of the world, he begins: "Homer, Virgil, Milton"! It might be argued that there is no great epic about anything else than war—and epic poetry is usually given the highest place. The greatest English epic is called "Paradise Lost," but, written by one who lived through the English "Great Rebellion," it is really about a greater—the rebellion of Devil against God. Its mightiest passages tell, not of Adam's peaceful sin in Eden, but of Satan's ordering of his hosts. Again, it is certain that poetry was at first the child of war, for the earliest poems of all nations are war-songs.

The Bible, War and Poetry

To take the most familiar instance, try the Bible. Israel's earliest songs are the "Song of Deborah," and Miriam's "Song beside the Sea," and David's "Lament over Absalom," while a long-lost poetic book was called "The Book of the Wars of Jehovah." It is true, too, that the great periods of poetry have usually accompanied or quickly followed periods of war. The two greatest epochs of English poetry, for instance, coincide pretty closely with the Spanish Armada and Napoleon. It may easily be that the next great poet's mind is now preparing, and that one of the good results of what we rightly call "The War" will be a new literature. Probably the connection of poetry with war is but one illustration of a wider phenomenon—its connection with all high and strong emotion—for did not Milton demand of poetry that it should be "simple, sensuous, *passionate*"? But the historic link is undeniable. Song has ever been the sister of war.

Perhaps the easiest division of the poetry

of war would be threefold—into the epic, the ballad, the lyric. Of course the division is not absolute. No division of living things is, and how should one be of so various and subtle a thing as poetry? The distinction between the ballad and the lyric, in particular, would be hard to draw. Yet the three types stand conveniently apart. If one "shade off" into the other, as do the colours of the rainbow, the difference is still there.

War Lyrics

Of the three it is still, of course, far too soon to expect this war's epic. Homer followed the Fall of Troy, Virgil wrote after the wars of Republican Rome, the Age of the Crusades closed before Tasso. It is poems of the other two types that are a war's contemporaries. Of these the ballad belongs to the less reflective stages of a people's civilisation, the lyric to the more reflective. The ballad is just the "rude" mind's description of the battle itself. When it begins to probe deeper and expose thought, it is passing into the lyric. It has long, therefore, been extinct in Europe. It is true that such a student of the modes of poetry as Tennyson could now and then approach nearly to the ancient manner—as in "The Revenge"—but the type is not the natural one in a time when men are accustomed to the scrutiny of motive and feeling and thought. So it comes to pass that, while a few poems of the present war approach the ballad form—as Queenie Scott-Hopper's "Australia's Triumph"—yet its typical poem is the lyric. And the best lyrics of the war use the same way of excellence as earlier lyrics. They isolate. That is to say, they choose some one emotion, and, describing it in some pre-eminent instance, absorb their readers in it.

Most of the lyrics of the present war fall readily into three groups—poems of indignation, of patriotism, and of death. The first group, the songs of indignation, cry out upon the outrages of "the Huns."

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They, therefore, belong chiefly to the earlier days of the strife, for it was then that the worst and most sweeping of German atrocities befell. The second group displays the manifold nature of patriotism—women's patriotism as well as men's. It is, perhaps, not too much to hope that from some of them we may begin to learn that patriotism does not inhere in war—that there is a patriotism of peace. A couplet of Kipling's has already taken its place beside the "Lest we forget" of his Recessional—

Who stands if freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?

Has this no application save to war? The third group of lyrics, the songs of death, contrast with the other two groups in their universality. Our songs of patriotism, of course, belong peculiarly to England and her Empire. Again, Germany can have no songs of indignation, for her foes do not practise atrocity. She sings instead "Hymns of Hate," from which, with all our hatred of her outrage, we are still happily free. This contrast is, indeed, the contrast of the whole war—our love and hate is at bottom for principles, hers for peoples. But, while the first two groups of lyrics are thus limited in scope, the third is universal. Death is still the "great leveller." Some of its poems directly link foe with foe in the amity of death; the others could be applied to a German widow, a German home, a German corpse, as well as to English ones. Even this war's distinctions are not eternal.

When Indignation stirs the Poet

It is worth while to consider some of the poems of each group. Of the songs of indignation none perhaps expresses the feeling of mere revulsion better than "The Day." This poem illustrates, too, the old truth that poetry is no "respector of persons." Its author, Mr. Henry Chappell, is a railway porter. It is not to be supposed that he has written no poetry before, but, as the agony of the poverty of the days before the abolition of the Corn Laws gave Ebenezer Elliott's poetry a new poignancy, so probably the sinister foresight of the Germans in their cruelty has stung this writer to a new indignation.

You have sown for the Day, you have grown for the Day;

Yours is the harvest red.

Can you hear the groans and the awful cries?
Can you see the heap of the slain that lies,
And, sightless turned to the flame-split skies,
The glassy eyes of the dead?

Another writer, much daring, has made the ruthlessness of the German the goad of the Indian Army in its undertaking of the war. Whether this is just the motive that drew the Brown Man from India might be debated, yet it is true enough that the first thought of a Sikh or a Gurkha at the hearing of our foes' cruelties might easily be "This is not the way of the sahibs that we know."

These foes, they are not sahibs: they break the word they plight;
On babes their blades are whetted, dead women know their might!
Their princes are as sweepers, whom none may touch or trust!
Their gods they have forgotten; their honour trails the dust!

The Zeppelin in Poetry

Yet the mere description of horror cannot long hold a poet, and even the lyrics just quoted pass beyond it, while most poems of this kind seek rather the sequel of the horror. One, by Laurence Binyon, gives answer to the "frightfulness," purposed rather than performed, of the Zeppelin:

Is it terror you seek
To exult in? Know then
Hearts are here
That the plunging beak
Of night-winged murder
Strikes not with fear
So much as it strings
To a deep elation
And a quivering pride
That at last the hour brings
For them too the danger
Of those who died.

One of the finest sonnets of the war puts another answer in a more stately way:

It cannot be that, having seen the day,
We should endure the tyranny of the night!

But the final appeal against horror is not to fortitude, nor to the sword of the merciful. It goes deeper. Quite a number of novelists have turned poets to-day. Barry Pain lays hold of the Kaiser's telegram to the Crown Princess—"How magnificently God supported Wilhelm"—to lay the last retort bare:

Impious braggart, you forget;
God is not your conscript yet;
You shall learn in dumb amaze
That His ways are not your ways,
That the mire through which you trod
Is not the high white road of God,

To whom, whichever way the combat rolls,
We, fighting to the end, commend our souls.

Yet this may be put in a still more tre-

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mendous way. Another novelist, John Oxenham, has written a whole volume of verse about the war. Perhaps the poem in it to which most readers will first turn is the one entitled "Policeman X.—Epilogue, 1914." They remember how urgently, in his "Bees in Amber," the writer hoped that William II. would speak the word that should give Europe peace. What does Oxenham say now? For him not man but God arraigns the Master Hun:

Thou art the man! The scales were in thy hand.
For this vast wrong I hold thy soul in fee.
See not a scapegoat for thy righteous due,
Nor hope to void thy countability.
Until thou purge thy pride and turn to Me—
As thou hast done, so be it unto thee!

Poems of Patriotism

The poems of patriotism fall readily into what may be called an "ascending series." There are songs that exult in England just because she is England—songs of healthy, "natural" patriotism. There is a patriotism that is lower than this and one that is higher. The lower kind is happily to seek in the songs. Its war-cry used not so long ago to be "My country, right or wrong." The higher kind makes patriotism the handmaid of something even nobler. In ancient Greece the love of country was made the final virtue. This led Plato—to quote Martineau—to sanction "regulated lying, community of wives, and exposure of infants!" Against Christianity, on the other hand, there is an old charge that it is unpatriotic. The reason is that for the Christian man love of country is not final, but always ancillary to the love of God. If he think his fatherland's cause unrighteous, he will protest against it; it may even be his duty to forsake his country—were the Pilgrim Fathers wrong when they fled to Holland? It is conceivable indeed that the Christian patriot's duty lead him to take action against his own rulers—Mr. Le Queux asserts that a certain German in the Kaiser's own circle "betrayed" his master's plans for the invasion of England because he thought the enterprise evil, and, therefore, sure in the end to harm Germany as well as England. Was he right or wrong? Happily, in the present war the Briton need discuss no such difficult casuistry. The one conviction that has knit all parts of the Empire, all its classes, all its churches, all its races, in this war is the conviction "Our cause is

just." Patriotism and righteousness coincide. This is the highest patriotism.

It is not quite true, however, to say that spurious patriotism is unknown in the war's poems, for it has more forms than one, and in a nauseous form it has been held up to scorn by Sir Owen Seaman in *Punch*. Strange—and yet characteristic—that our national organ of humour should teach morality! *Punch* has never been a better mirror of England than in this war. Here are two verses from "A False Patriot":

And you, a patriot in your prime,
You waved a flag above his head,
And hoped he'd have a high old time,
And slapped him on the back and said:
"You'll show 'em what we British are!
Give us your hand, old pal, to shake";
And took him round from bar to bar
And made him drunk—for England's sake!

When Music lends its Aid

Not all the poems of the war can rightly be called "songs," but it is one of the marks of the poems of healthy, spontaneous patriotism that they should readily "go to music." They, too, most nearly approximate to the old ballad. Here is a verse, for instance, from Henry Newbolt's "King's Highway":

In a dandy frigate or a well-found brig,
In a sloop or a seventy-four,
In a great First-rate with an admiral's flag,
And a hundred guns or more,
In a fair light air, in a dead foul wind,
At midnight or midday,
Till the good ship sink her mids shall drink
To the King and the King's Highway.

It is a fine dashing song, and of a kind not easy to write, as those who try its seeming simplicity know. Yet where have we heard the lilt of it? It will "go" trippingly to the most tripping troll of our friends, the Pierrots on the sands! This song, too, exhibits the habit of the lover of England to hark away back to her story when he gives himself to the grip of mere, unmeditating patriotism. Of this perhaps the best illustration is Dudley Clark's dramatic "Called Up." Drake and Nelson are pictured as "tumbling up" at the Call, but as they come they hesitate, for this new fighting is not after the pattern that they knew. Says Drake, "There's no mortal doubt, Lord Nelson, they ha' done wi' you and me!" But—

"Sceest thou naught else, Sir Francis?"—"I see the flags a-flapping!"
"Hear'st thou naught else, Sir Francis?"—"I hear the sticks a-tapping!"

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"'Tis a sight that calls me thither!"—"Tis a sound that bids me come!"
 "'Tis the old Trafalgar signal!"—"Tis the beating of my drum!"

Can any Englishman read that and not feel his heart thrill? And the same spirit, though here the patriotism begins to pass into the more reflective kind, animates Rupert Brooke's fine sonnet:

If I should die, think only this of me:
 That there's some corner of a foreign field
 That is for ever England.

Yet among to-day's patriotic lyrics the patriotism that is grounded in thought claims the chief place. Another of Sir Henry Newbolt's poems, "The Vigil," may serve to make the transition. Here, too, he recalls the past, for the *motif* of the verses is the medieval knight's nightlong watch beside his armour, but there is added the prayer that England's enterprise, knightly in its motive, may be knightly also in its execution. The love of England here serves the love of God.

Think that when to-morrow comes
 War shall claim command of all,
 Thou must hear the roll of drums,
 Thou must heed the trumpet's call.
 Now before they silence ruth,
 Commune with the voice of truth;
 England! on thy knees to-night
 Pray that God defend the Right.

This is really the burden, too, of Kipling's "For all we Have and Are"—its burden not less unmistakably because so restrainedly spoken. It is wonderful how this writer, so often a stark realist in his stories, becomes sometimes in his poetry idealist indeed. It was not for nothing that both his grandfathers were Methodist preachers!

Though all we made depart,
 The old commandments stand.

The third type of poems are poems of death. It is not meant that they dwell upon the description of death itself, but that they centre in the grim fact. Sometimes they are busy with the consequences on this side, as in this verse from "All I Possess":

"All I possess," the mother said,
 "And mine the woman's part
 In agony, that none may see,
 To hide a breaking heart!
 But I give my all—for should he fall
 With none beside to heed—
 Can one give more than the son she bore
 For England's need?"

The Night before the Battle

Lord Wolseley said that the night before a battle a soldier thinks, not "What will

they say in England?" but about his mother, and not a few of the poems about the hither side of death dwell just there. Women do not fight, but they are not, therefore, excluded from war! A poignant poem, first published in a Scottish paper, passes from one of the meanings of the word "comforter" to another:

"Comforter" they call it—yes,
 Such it is for my distress,
 For it gives my restless hands
 Blessed work. God understands
 How we women yearn to be
 Doing something ceaselessly—
 Anything but just to wait
 Idly for a clicking gate!

Another novelist, the writer of "Wee Macgregor," has once more shown that he who understands laughter, often also understands tears. Here is a verse from "To a Mother":

My dear, dare a word that is human
 Intrude on Love's desolate cry?
 Dare Pity itself ask a woman
 What death she would have her son die?

Lord Crewe's pathetic lines fall here, too. Most think of a death in battle as distinguishing men who would otherwise have lived and died undistinguished, but this poem reverses the thought. Not—

the long tryst to keep
 Where in the yew-tree shadow congregate
 His fathers sleep,

but

One of a hundred grains untimely sown,
 Here with his comrades of the hard-won ridge
 He rests, unknown.

Then there are the hymns of the other side of death. A Canadian soldier, waiting near Ypres, wrote:

Far down the stretches of the sky
 The hosts of dead go marching by.

But in the stern look lingers still
 The iron purpose and the will.

Barry Pain sings of a similar vision, but the distinctive trait of his is just that universality that was named before as noticeable in this kind of poem:

A new and greater pride
 So quenched the pride of race
 That foes marched side by side
 Who once fought face to face.
 That ghostly army's plan
 Knows but one race, one rod—
 All nations there are Man,
 And the one King is God.

In "All's Well," too, there is a poem of death, but again with its own distinctive note:

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Midway between the flaming lines he lay,
A tumbled heap of blood, and sweat, and clay—God's
son!

Came One in white, athwart the fiery hail,
And in His hand a shining cup, the Grail—God's
Son!

And none who saw that sight will e'er forget
How once upon the field of death they met—God's
Son.

Religion in War Poetry

The poems of the last group have just been called "hymns," and the common association of the term suggests the question: "How far are the poems of the war religious?" It is true that no great war has been waged nor any great poem written by atheists, and the sense of religion even in the small extracts here given is unmistakable—not the less so because, in the true British way, the religion is rather implicit than explicit. But what religion? There is a haunting poem by Capt. Julian Grenfell that might have been written by a pantheist, though again it may only mean that its author was a true lover of nature. It, too, reverses an old thought. A warrior's regret at the expectation of leaving this pleasant earth is an old note in poetry, but here all Nature is made the fellow of the fighter and the fallen:

The woodland trees that stand together,
They stand to him each one a friend;
They gently speak in the windy weather;
They guide to valley and ridge's end.

And when the burning moment breaks,
And all things else are out of mind,
And only Joy-of-Battle takes
Him by the throat, and makes him blind,

Through joy and blindness he shall know—
Not caring much to know—that still
Not lead nor steel shall reach him, so
That it be not the Destined Will.

Some of the poems, again, reflect the idea that this is no day for the mild Prince of Peace, that for the present, at least, Jesus Christ is "played out." This is hinted by one poet and asserted by another:

Not passively to suffer ill,
A world-complacent sacrifice,
But happy and rebellious still
To prove Faith's courage can suffice.

O, outcast Christ, it was too soon
For flags of battle to be furled
While life was yet at the high noon!

Come in the twilight of the world—
Its kings may greet Thee without scorn
And crown Thee then without a thorn.

The "Sense" of God

Yet these poems are the exception. In most of the others, with the silent or half-expressed "sense" of God, there is also an implication that He is a God with no heathen attributes, but the God of the Bible. Here are a few phrases: "You have made Calvary anew"; "Twixt bugle-call and Sabbath-bell"; "For her faith does England fight"; "The sword shall smite the abusers of the sword"; "Thou peace-maker, fight"; "Vengeance is Mine, I will repay"; "This holier fate"; "Gordon's life and Outram's fame"; "Her whose service . . . Perfect freedom is." It is impossible to mistake the God of whom such words give hint. It is the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. Yet even here there is a curious fact. While the name of God is not uncommon, the name of Christ is absent. This is true even of most of the hymns written to be sung in Christian churches during this time of war! The reason might, perhaps, be made out, but to do so would need a long and rather subtle discussion. One writer, however, is a great exception—John Oxenham. Among his earlier poems there is one called "A little Te Deum of the Commonplace," and it is not disparagement but encomium to say that his book of war-poems, "All's Well," is just a collection of the great Christian commonplaces about war set to melodious and moving song. And it betrays the true faith of England to add that no other war-poems have sold like these! Two verses about "Our Boys at the Front" are typical of all:

Ye are all Christs in this your self-surrender—
True sons of God in seeking not your own.
Yours now the hardships—yours shall be the splendour
Of the Great Triumph and the King's "Well done!"

Yours these rough Calvaries of high endeavour—
Flame of the trench, and foam of wintry seas.
Nor Pain, nor Death, nor aught that is, can sever
You from the Love that bears you on His knees.

He who should persuade England that
Christ belongs only to the past and the
future would lose the War!



A REMEDY THAT FAILED

A Home-Life Story

By ELIZABETH WEIR

MOTHER was cross. It was sacrilege to say it aloud, but even loyal little Betty whispered it to her dolls, and mother cried herself to sleep, because she knew it was true, and she could not help it. Father thought she was ill, although she insisted that she had not an ache or a pain anywhere. Finally he brought Dr. Foster in to see her and he diagnosed it as a clear case of nerves—that obscure disease.

"But why should I have nerves?" mother protested. "It hasn't been a hard winter at all. Everybody's been well; not even a sore throat to be taken care of. Hannah's been in the kitchen, faithful as gold. Not a worry all winter. It's silly."

But, silly or not, mother was impatient, or nervous, or plainly cross, the next day and the day following. Father suggested a holiday, but mother scouted the idea. "Now how would I enjoy sitting on hotel verandas, gossiping! I'm too fond of home comforts and there's no one I want to visit. My friends are all here in town. Besides, you know perfectly well, Howland, we've no business spending money for holidays until we've finished paying for this little home."

Father did know it perfectly well, so the question of a holiday, which mother did not want anyhow, was dropped.

Just about that time Aunt Caroline came to pay a visit. Mother was her favourite niece, and she had been held up as a model to the other nieces, until, if she had not been so adorable, they would have fairly hated her. Mother had been the prettiest young girl, rosy-cheeked and dimpled. She had been the prettiest young mother, bending over her babies with brooding, love-lit eyes. She had grown into beautiful womanhood, she was a chum to all her children, and her husband was still her lover. That such a woman should become cross seemed impossible.

Aunt Caroline had hoped to see her growing old gracefully and serenely, but even she was forced to admit, after a week's

visit, that Martha was a little "out of sorts." Why, Aunt Caroline could not at first fathom. The house ran smoothly, with Hannah's competent assistance; the children were obedient and helpful; and although economy had to be practised very closely, there were no business worries. But Aunt Caroline was not easily baffled. She knew that mothers like Martha do not become cross without cause, and her keen eyes began to search for that cause.

Her first suspicion of trouble came one morning as she sat late at the breakfast table and listened to the family scattering to their several occupations.

Father went first, calling back from the door, "Think I'd better take an umbrella, mother?"

Mother arose, went to the street door, scanned the sky, and cheerfully decided that it would be safer to be provided with some protection against the threatening elements.

As she came back into the living room, Ruth's voice floated down the stairs, "Mother, shall I wear my pink or my blue dress?"

"Isn't the pink a little soiled? Didn't you wear it at the picnic yesterday?"

"Oh, yes, I'd forgotten. I'll wear the blue, and press the pink this afternoon."

"Mother, dear," Emily was calling from the library, "Mrs. Lupton gave me her tickets for the symphony concert. Shall I ask Grace Stevens or Anna Bishop?"

"You took Grace with you to the art exhibit. Anna would care more for the music, I think."

"All right, Anna it is. Good-bye, everybody."

"Do I have to take my mackintosh, mother?" little Fred called as he searched for his school bag.

"Yes, dear, it's threatening."

At this juncture, Hannah's head appeared in the doorway. "The grocer's boy has come, ma'am. What'll I order?"

A REMEDY THAT FAILED

"What do we need, Hannah?"

"Flour, butter, eggs, sugar and bread,"

Hannah rattled from the list.

"Anything else?"

"No, ma'am."

"Very well, order what we need, Hannah."

Her head disappeared for ten minutes, then reappeared. "What's for lunch, ma'am?"

"What have you in the larder?"

"There's cold lamb and that sparrow-grass. I could have minced lamb, sparrow-grass salad, and make some muffins."

"That sounds appetising, Hannah. Let's have it."

"All right, ma'am."

Aunt Caroline thoughtfully arose from her belated breakfast. She went upstairs and brought down a small notebook, and at intervals during that day and the next she recorded her observations. The following evening she called a family council in her room, to which mother was not invited.

"I think I've discovered what's the matter with your mother," she announced rather solemnly.

Father looked grave. "Is it serious, Aunt Caroline?"

"Very serious. But not incurable," she added, as the line of worry in father's forehead deepened.

"It's a loss of will power. Her powers of decision are exhausted."

"But, Aunt Caroline," father protested, "Martha's will power is her strongest characteristic. She always carries out her plans."

"We all depend on mother," Emily

chimed in. "She decides everything for us."

"So I've noticed," said Aunt Caroline, dryly, producing her little notebook. "In the last thirty-six hours she has decided one hundred and fourteen questions, most of them of the utmost unimportance. She has decided what you shall eat, and how much; what you shall wear; what you shall read; where you shall go, and with whom, and how long you shall stay; and she's been doing it for the last nineteen years. When you were babies it was necessary——"

"But mother knows so much better than we do," Ruth urged.

"Of course she does. She's had considerable practice—practice that the rest of you ought to have had. Really important



"I think I've discovered what's the matter," she announced rather solemnly."

*Drawn by
Elizabeth Earshaw.*

things, of course, she wants to help you decide, but do you think it's quite fair to burden her with all the trivial details?"

"I believe Aunt Caroline is right, children."

THE QUIVER

You all make constant and unnecessary demands on your mother," father said sternly. "It's time you learned to depend more upon yourselves."

"That would have more weight, Howland," Aunt Caroline remarked dryly, "if you weren't the first, and, I rather think, the worst offender. Let me see," she added, consulting her notebook.

"Martha, shall I take an umbrella?"

"Martha, shall I wear my overcoat?"

"Martha, shall I take Fred with me?"

"Martha——"

But any further "Marthas" were drowned in the laughter at the expense of the discomfited head of the family.

"Is it as bad as that, Aunt Caroline?" he asked meekly.

"Worse!" she said emphatically.

Father sat up straight.

"It will be harder for me than for the rest of you. I've been at it so much longer; but it's never too late to begin to take care of mother, is it, children? What shall we do, Aunt Caroline?"

"The best thing to do is to send Martha away for a while and learn to do without her."

The children looked blank.

"But she likes to be with us. She likes to have us tell her all about everything," Ruth insisted.

"Well, see how many interesting things you'll have to tell her when she comes back, and how few you'll need to ask her about. Now, run along, and let your father and me see what can be done about sending her away."

The children went slowly out of the room. Doing without mother was a very serious matter indeed.

"Now, Howland," Aunt Caroline said briskly, as the door closed behind the children, "have you any plan?"

"No-o, I haven't——"

"Well, I have. Do you remember what Mr. and Mrs. Gardner said about their house last night when they called to say good-bye?"

"No, I don't believe I do."

"They said it seemed a shame to close such a cool, comfortable home when there must be people who would enjoy it, if they only knew where to find them. Well, I've found her."

"I don't understand."

Aunt Caroline spent the next ten minutes making him understand, and much more time than that in overcoming mother's objections the next day. However, her arguments were convincing.

"The newfangled name is 'nerves,' but you're all worn out and cross, Martha. You need a rest, and if you're sensible you'll take it when you have the chance."

"But the children, and Howland——"

"Hannah and I will look after them."

It surely doesn't take three able-bodied women to look after the creature comforts of one full-grown man and four half-grown children."

So, because she was very tired, and the quiet of the Gardners' beautiful home seemed very restful to her, Martha allowed herself to be persuaded. The next morning she packed her bag, said good-bye to the children, and walked just around the corner with father, bidding him good-bye at the gate of the shady Gardner lawn.

Martha had a sense of humour, and she played fair. For three blissful weeks she directed all her walks in the opposite direction from the little brown house. At first she felt ashamed that it was so easy to keep away, but as time wore on she indulged herself in a way she thought she had forgotten. She arose when she could sleep no longer; not at the sound of an alarm clock, nor at the insistent call of a baby voice. She never had to await her turn at the bathroom. She made herself fresh coffee and drank it steaming hot. She ate her lunch when she felt hungry, and she had her favourite dishes, not things that were good for the children. She browsed in the Gardner library, and spent long, quiet hours reading—even in the mornings. She met friends for luncheons, and matinées, and concerts. Father sent her boxes of chocolate and baskets of fruit, which she ate all by herself without picking out the choice bits for Howland or the children. Sometimes he drove her to charming country places for tea, and said good-night at the Gardner gate in the old lover fashion. Sometimes in the evening she lay in the hammock for hours, looking up at the stars with no fear of the effect of late hours on next day's work.

In the little brown house around the corner things went smoothly—considering. There was one slight case of indigestion because

A REMEDY THAT FAILED

mother was not there to regulate the supply of sweets; one light attack of tonsilitis, due to wet feet; a best dress stained because mother was not there to order it taken off. But father considered these minor matters when he saw mother growing rosy and sparkling again, her voice losing its sharpness, and her eyes their weariness.

Under Aunt Caroline's tutelage, Hannah had learned to go through the pantry and cupboards and to prepare the grocery list and the menus for the day. Father had learned to scan the sky and decide for himself whether to take an umbrella or not. The children had found that the question of pink or blue, Grace or Anna, involved merely a little consideration which was much less wearing on them than on their mother.

At the end of the month, mother, so radiant and cheerful that no one could remember that she had ever been cross, walked around the corner to the little brown house just because she could not stay away from it another moment.

She had to hear all about Fred's good progress at school, to examine Ruth's embroidery and meet Emily's new friends. Father had good business news to report, and Hannah and Aunt Caroline were able to show a diminished expense account.

Mother's eyes shone in happy content. "I'm so glad to be at home again," she said.

Aunt Caroline slept late the next morning. The family were dispersing as she started down the stairs. She paused on the landing to straighten a picture and Martha's crisp tones floated up to her:

"Howland, dear, you'd better take an umbrella this morning." A pause, then, "Ruth, I don't believe that blue dress you



"... Said good-night in the old lover fashion."

Drawn by
Elizabeth Earnshaw.

had on last night is fresh enough for school. Better wear the pink one."

Aunt Caroline waited, with a curious expression on her face, while Martha's voice went on:

"You still have Mrs. Lupton's symphony tickets? How nice, Emily. Have you asked Charlotte Rogers? She'd appreciate it, I know. Frederick Lewis, do you mean to tell me you're starting out without your mackintosh on a day like this? It'll rain before you get to the corner."

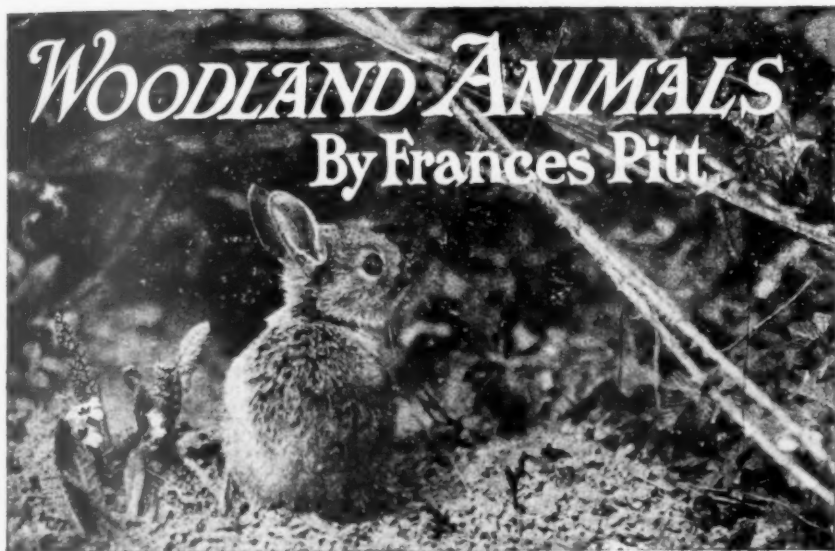
Aunt Caroline sat down limply on the step. A moment later she heard Martha in the kitchen. "Well, Hannah," she was saying briskly, "what's for lunch?" Aunt Caroline arose and came in stately dignity down the stairway. "I believe it is incurable, after all," she murmured.



A Fox Cub
at Home.

Photo :
Frances Pitt, Bridgwater.

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(With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author)

IT is in the depths of the big woods that the shyest of the wild creatures take refuge. The badger, for instance, is seldom found except in a wooded district. It delights in the dim, mysterious thickets and the dark, inaccessible dingles, where it can go its own way without let or hindrance from mankind.

The badger is one of the few truly wild animals of any size which is left to us. The fox and the different deer exist upon sufferance, they afford good sport, but the badger lives on because it chooses to, and in spite of all man can do to exterminate it.

I know a big wood where there are numerous badgers. It is a tremendous place, where the stranger can easily lose himself, and wander all day up and down the steep banks and under the tall oaks before he finds his way out to the open fields. The chief dingle has very steep sides, in places perpendicular, and a stumble would send one headlong into the stream that dashes along at the bottom.

It is not human footsteps which keep certain paths so well trodden, for even the keepers seldom disturb the solitude, but a creature which leaves a track something like that of a dog, yet which to the expert

eye has many points of difference. It is the badger.

If one of the paths is followed—which means a scramble up the steep bank, bending under the bushes and pushing between the briers—it will lead to the big earth which is situated at the top of the hill. Nobody knows how long the badgers have lived in it or when they began it. For countless generations they have dug and delved and excavated new passages. Once the hounds ran a fox to ground in it, and the master wished to have the fox got out. A number of men dug for three days, yet were then but little nearer the end than when they began, and the yapping of the terrier which had been put in sounded more distant than ever. They got the little dog out and left fox and badger in peace. The scar of that dig has now healed, and there is nothing left to show how the men worked; but there are still two holes in the ground and every sign of badger occupation, though there is very little loose earth outside, for as fast as the sand is excavated it rolls down the steep bank.

The "sett"—this is the proper term for the badger's home—is in a layer of sand which lies between strata of clay. This is the ideal situation, the sand affording

THE QUIVER

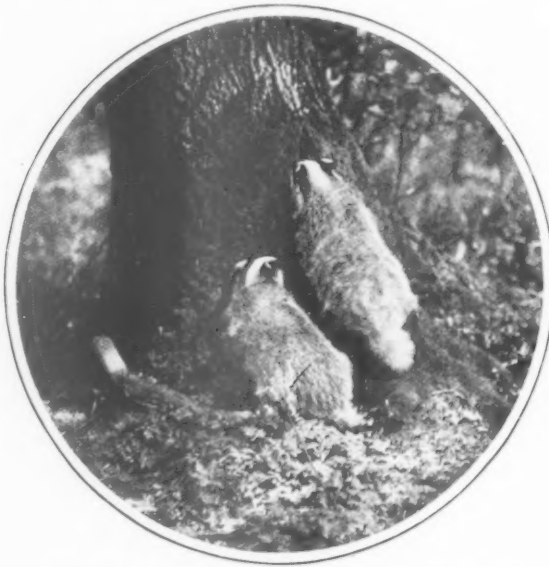
easy digging, and the clay keeping the holes dry. The length of the underground passages is entirely a matter for conjecture, but, as I have said, three days' digging made no real impression on them, though many yards of the bank were entirely taken away.

All round the "sett" will be found signs of the dwellers therein—ground padded smooth, bedding littered about, and the ferns stripped and broken where they have been gathering fresh stuff. They are very

and she would cry and whimper to be picked up and carried. When she was only a cub this did not matter, but it was no joke when she was a full-grown and very weighty badger. My badgers were interesting and fascinating pets, and they had many strange ways, besides being most playful and very fond of a romp with the dogs. One of them was very fond of frog hunting. She would nose about in the long grass after little frogs and mice, though she never actually succeeded in catching the latter.

Writing of mice reminds me of one of the daintiest of the smaller woodland animals, namely the dormouse. Most people know the dormouse by repute, how it passes the winter in an unconscious state, waking up with the warmth of spring, and coming out of its hiding place with the budding green leaves; but very few have seen the dormouse in its leafy home, have seen it peeping out of its neat little nest, or watched a pair raid a long-tailed tit's nest! Indeed, few people are aware that this beautiful little creature, which is not really a true mouse, but is a connection of the squirrels, has a decided liking for insects, caterpillars, and the eggs of small birds. Yet this is so. The very fact that

it hibernates points to it, for most animals which pass the winter in an unconscious state only do so because it is the sole alternative to starvation. The dormouse certainly does eat nuts and other fruits, and is very fond of them, but it likes to vary its diet. I have never been able to find any evidence in support of the popular theory that it lays by a store for times of scarcity. Many other woodland creatures do so; the bank vole hoards up quantities of nuts and acorns, so does the wood mouse, and when the common rat visits these solitudes he is equally careful, but I have never found a store which I could imagine might belong to a dormouse, nor have any of the dormice



Two Badgers hunting a Moss-grown Tree for Insects.

particular in this matter, and take in quantities of leaves and bracken. Notwithstanding all these signs of activity it is very seldom anyone sees a badger. They are the most strictly nocturnal of all the night creatures, seldom venturing out until dark, and generally being home before daybreak. The fox will often get belated, the early riser may easily meet him going home, but the badger is seldom—very, very seldom—thus caught abroad. Yet it does not really mind the daylight! I have had tame badgers which were just as lively at midday as any other time. One often went for long walks with me, but I must mention that heat distressed her,

WOODLAND ANIMALS

I have kept shown any desire to hide their food.

Another widely accepted belief is that the dormouse makes a winter nest in some bush and there retires to pass the cold weather. This is not so; it goes down to the ground, and hides in the heart of an old stump, under a heap of leaves, or even goes down a hole. I once saw a dormouse dug up at a depth of three feet. A neat little ball of grass about the size of a tennis ball was flung out with a spadeful of earth, and I picked it up to see what it could be. A faint squeaking sound warned me that it contained a live thing, and on opening it I found a dormouse, which was just waking up, but was in a semi-stupid state.

A hibernating dormouse is not only completely unconscious, but has no temperature. Its heat is that of its surroundings. It is as cold and inanimate as a lump of clay, but a rise in the temperature will quickly wake it up, however. One should never attempt to rouse a pet dormouse by holding it near a fire, for to do so is to risk killing it, the sudden change being too great for the delicate constitution of the small creature.

When the winter sleep is over, the dormouse ascends the bushes and makes itself a neat little nest, usually of the shredded



A Long-tailed Mouse among the Wild Plum Blossom.



The Bank Vole.

bark of the honeysuckle. Later on the breeding nest is built, generally of the same material, but it is much bigger. In this district—Shropshire—the dormouse is a late breeder, the season lasting from July to October.

It is a beautiful sight to see an old mouse and her young ones. Last autumn I saw a dormouse nest in a bush, and, recognising from the size that it was a nursery, began to examine it, and an accidental shake brought the whole family tumbling out. The mother rushed off along a honeysuckle rope, one young one—it was nearly as big as she—swung itself off through the twigs, two others dropped thump on the leaves below, and a fourth vanished round the thick stem of the nut bush. For a minute I gazed at their beautiful yellow-brown coats and long bushy

THE QUIVER

tails which the shining black eyes set off to such advantage, then I discreetly withdrew. Next day they were all home again, but when I visited the nest a fortnight later a big long-tailed mouse (sometimes called the wood mouse) was the sole occupant.

This handsome mouse is to be found in every wood, and in many other places besides. It is a beautiful creature with its nice fawn coat, slender shape, long thin tail, big ears, and large black eyes, but the way it turns the dormice out of their homes is disgraceful!

It is a keen, intelligent little animal, and the rather stupid dormouse has no chance when it comes to a conflict. It is bundled headlong from its home, where the long-tail proceeds to make itself comfortable, for it is nearly as fond of being aloft as the truly arboreal dormouse. It is a wonderful climber, and in the autumn when there are



Male Polecat.

berries and nuts to be gathered it spends most of its time in the bushes, where it betrays its presence by leaving the remnants of its feasts in the old birds' nests. These afford it good dining tables, so it carries the hips and haws to them, and they are often filled with bits of scarlet skin and other rubbish.

At other times of the year the long-tailed mouse lives underground, where, being a prudent creature, it lays by a store for a "rainy day." Nuts, acorns, and grain from the pheasants' feed are all carried in and carefully laid up in one of the holes.

An even more provident mouse which lives in the woods is the red bank vole. It is a smart, dapper little creature, with a white waistcoat and red back. It has a short tail and keen little black eyes, and it is most particular about providing for bad times. It will carry home quantities of provisions and store them in its hole or near at hand. Three of these voles

which I had in a cage were most amusing about their food. It did not matter how much I gave them, they would carry it all off and hide it, and they were constantly stealing from one another, which led to disputes. They



A Squirrel on the Alert.

WOODLAND ANIMALS

would squeak, then stand up on their hindlegs, prance round each other and push with their forepaws, just like two men boxing; but they never bit, and I never saw a combat brought to a decisive end, or any damage done to either of the combatants, though from the squeaking one would have thought that the fiercest of battles was in progress.

I often gave them a handful of corn, and the first mouse to discover it was always in a desperate hurry to bury it all before his comrades came out of the nest. He stuffed his mouth and cheeks full, picking up each grain with his teeth and pushing it well in with his little paws. Four grains of wheat were as many as he could carry comfortably, five were a tight fit, and when he tried to cram six in one always fell out at the corner of his mouth. Then he would rush off to a corner of the cage, scratch a hole in the soil, drop the corn in, push the earth back with his nose, like a dog burying a bone, pull some leaves or rubbish over the spot, and then rush back for more, when probably another mouse had appeared and a fight would ensue.

Writing of fighting reminds me that of all the woodland creatures there is not one more pugnacious than the little shrew. People speak of the courage of a lion, but it would be far truer to speak of the courage of a shrew. Fear seems to have been left out of the composition of this tiny mammal. If placed in a cage it shows no fear of the human hand, and one I had for several months would attack my fingers furiously

if I put my hand in the cage without giving it food.

Shrews fight like demons, and it is death to the vanquished, the victor generally making a meal of it. Strictly speaking, all the shrews are insectivorous, but when accident places a mouse or another shrew dead before them they do not mind making use of the opportunity to vary their diet.

As a matter of fact, very few creatures

keep strictly to the food that they are supposed to eat. Many of the mice will take little shrews' eggs, and the squirrel—most beautiful of all the animals that haunt the woodlands—has been charged with destroying young birds. It should, however, be remembered that it does not follow that because an individual may be guilty of a crime of this sort that the whole species is given to it. Wild animals vary as much as human beings, and, like them, have their characteristics and individual differences of behaviour and conduct.

Certainly of all our mammals the squirrel is the most lovely, graceful, nimble. Its colour is like a sunbeam shining through

autumn leaves, and its movements are like the flashing of light along the boughs.

But there is another creature, found in nearly every covert, which in a different style is nearly, if not quite, as beautiful as the squirrel. Indeed, when I come to consider the matter I believe it is really the more lovely! I refer to the fox.

I remember one day surprising an old fox. He jumped up in some bracken and sprang



A Fox Cub.

THE QUIVER

out on to an open space. For a moment he stood in the sunlight, which glinted on the green fern, on the grey trees, and on the creamy meadow-sweet. He was a vision in golden brown. I had a momentary impression of a delicate pointed muzzle, of a pair of amber eyes, of black-tipped ears, and a white-tipped brush—then he was gone! He melted into the undergrowth without a sound. He vanished like the passing of a shadow, but I was left with the memory of one of the most intelligent faces that any creature could have. I have seen many foxes before and since, but that old fox standing in the sunlight has remained for me as the personification of wild beauty.

There is no doubt that but for hunting the fox would long since have joined two other creatures that were once plentiful in all the woods—I mean the marten and the polecat—and been banished with them to the remotest hills.

A hundred years ago both these creatures were still common. The polecat haunted the thickets and stream sides, preying on rabbits, other small ground creatures, and even frogs, and was so plentiful that in many parishes the churchwardens offered rewards for its destruction. Now there are few people who really know what a polecat is (it is like a very dark handsome "Fitchet" ferret), and only an expert naturalist would be able to name a marten if one were met with in the Midlands. It is a remarkably handsome and graceful creature, a dark, almost chocolate brown in colour, with a yellowish throat. It has a long body and short legs of the stoat type, but its bushy tail and marvellous climbing powers remind one of a squirrel, though its little prick ears and sharp muzzle have something quite fox-like about them. Alas! there is no longer any hope of meeting it in our woods, and even on the Welsh hills and in the Lake District it gets more and more scarce.

Another woodland creature which was exterminated at a comparatively speaking recent date was the wild cat, which is now only met with in one or two Scotch counties. From England it has completely disappeared, yet the evidence of old MSS. show that it once roamed through all our woods, hunting the birds and rabbits, and was as untamably wild and savage a creature as it would be possible to meet with. Now its place is taken by the "gone wild" domestic cat, who is the most mischievous of all the poachers that the gamekeeper has to fear.

Pussy may be a household pet, but once she takes to the woods she sheds her fireside manners, and resumes the habits of her far distant ancestor, who the scientists say was an African species. The cat of the woods is as completely a wild animal as the badger or fox. She stalks the rabbit with silent footsteps that put the professional hunters to shame, she kills young pheasants, she catches birds, and if she happens to have a family of kittens to support, her depredations will be astonishing, and equally to be deplored from both the game preserver's and the naturalist's points of view.

The stoat, too, takes its toll of the woodland rabbits, and the weasel of the mice; but of these animals I shall say no more, as they are as much at home in the open country as under the trees. This applies also to the much-preyed-upon rabbit; it is everywhere, in the fields, hedgerows and coverts, but certainly no woodland scene is complete without a brown shape slipping across the path and a bobbing white tail disappearing among the undergrowth. But a rabbit, though it flourishes its white tail conspicuously enough when it knows it has been seen, and thus warns its friends and relations of the approach of danger, does not exhibit its danger signal if it thinks it can escape unseen. Many a time



Off for the Night.

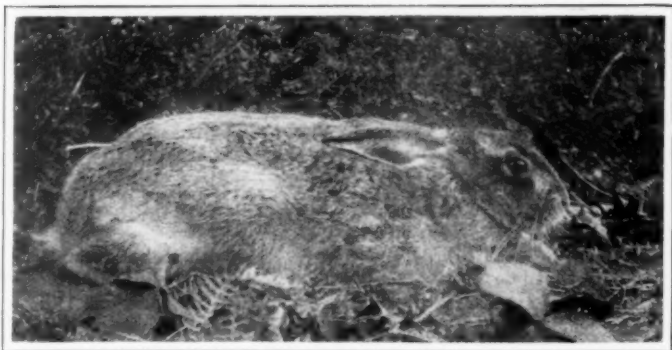
WOODLAND ANIMALS

have I watched a bunny, which thought it had not been noticed, slipping off with its neat little tail tightly buttoned down, so that only the dark back of it showed—but what a change, when it knew it was seen, a thump on the ground with its hind feet to call the attention of all the other

rabbits within hearing, then a wild scurring rush home to the hole, its white tail bobbing like a beacon through the fern.

The hare also takes care not to exhibit its white tail unduly. By the way, the hare, though fond of the open country, likes to retire to the woods in the daytime, where it can remain hidden until dark, and then go out on its expeditions among the crops.

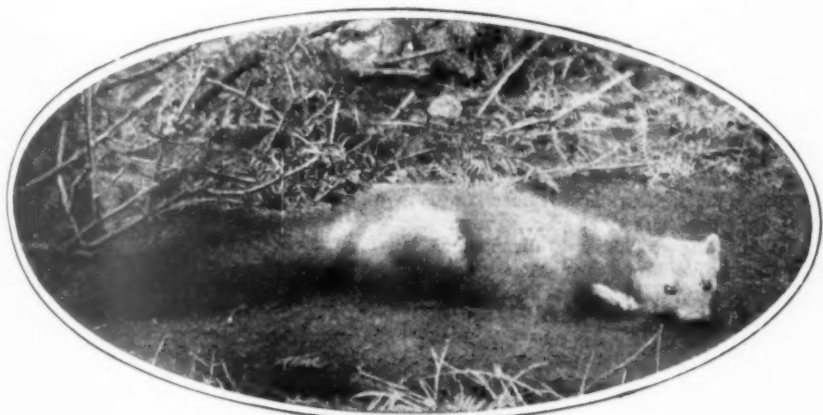
I understand that this is what the little roe deer, which is found in coverts in some parts of the country, also does, but the deer hardly deserve place in an account of the animals to be met with in an ordinary wood; indeed there is only one creature left now that perhaps ought to be spoken of, and that is the mole. I can imagine



A Hare trying to make itself Invisible.

the reader at this point exclaiming: "But the mole belongs to the meadows!" So it does—in the winter time! But in the baking summer weather the moles retire to the shelter of the cool trees, and burrow and tunnel in the good leaf loam, where worms and insects abound, and which is never dry and hard.

Well, in conclusion, I would recommend anybody who finds the country uninteresting to take a quiet walk through a big wood, to sit down on a stone or fallen tree, and wait and watch without moving for half an hour, and if the sight of the sundry signs of the pulsing life of Nature does not rouse that person to take an interest in the wild world, he or she had better go straight away to a town!



The Marten.

IN SEARCH OF A WIFE

Short Serial

By Mrs. GEO. DE HORNE VAIZEY

IV

ANTHONY GRAEME had spent three enjoyable, almost incredibly comfortable days at Green Bank. Comfort was the keynote of life in this hospitable Scottish home, and it was achieved apparently with the minimum of effort. The house was always overflowing with visitors, a fresh batch arriving by the same train which bore away the last instalment; but there was no bustle, no confusion; the servants as well as their mistresses pursued their way in smiling composure; everything "ran" with the smoothness of a well-oiled machine.

The earlier meals of the day were of an informal, picnic character. The breakfast-table bristled with chafing dishes, coffee-machines and patent heaters, by means of which the latest comer could enjoy his porridge and bacon, his fish and his eggs, as comfortably as did the early bird. The chafing dishes appeared again at luncheon, when there was invariably a supply of broth and a couple of hot dishes, supplemented by a heterogeneous supply of oddments. There was cold ham and potted meats, there was cheese, there was cake, there was jam, and there was honey. There was fruit and biscuits, and a pot of preserved ginger into which everyone poked forks indiscriminately. There was also tea and coffee, and barley water, and raspberry syrup, and home-made lemonade, and a very battlement of siphons in the back-ground. Lunch at Green Bank was the merriest, the noisiest, the most Bohemian of meals; everyone talked at once, everyone helped himself; "courses" disappeared, and no one blinked an eye if, after gorging on cake and jam, a guest developed a sudden passion for cold ham, and started his meal all over again! By the end of the meal the appearance of the table baffled description. On an average, it was snapped about once a week during the autumn season by delighted guests, who pasted the print in their albums under

various humorous headings; but dinner at eight o'clock was a formal function of many courses and ceremonious serving. The ladies appeared in elaborate costumes, the table glittered with silver and glass and piled-up pyramids of flowers. To the smallest detail everything was perfectly conceived, perfectly executed. It was as if the management wished to say: "We go free-and-easy because we *wish* to be free-and-easy. Let no man think we cannot do things properly, if we choose." Mr. and Mrs. Murray were delightful hosts; and the two elder daughters, Agnes and Elsie, were typical specimens of the modern athletic, out-of-doors girls in whose estimation sport ranks above all other attractions. They were agreeable to Anthony as to their other male guests; but he could not disguise from himself that they were infinitely more interested in their horses, their dogs, their handicap at golf, and their latest fishing exploits. They were pleasant to look at, pleasant to talk to, but there was in their manner a serene detachment which was not attractive to a man of Anthony's calibre. He confessed to himself that he liked a woman to be "womanly"—i.e. to show a feminine appreciation of his own attractions as a man. Agnes and Elsie were definitely ruled out of his mental list of possible future wives; but his thoughts were still intrigued by Christina.

Christina had tactfully done the thing of all others calculated to raise a stranger's interest in her identity—he had gone away, and left her family to sing her praises! "It's so dull without Christina." "We can't arrange anything without Christina." "We must wait for Christina." Christina this, Christina that, Christina the other—the name rang in his ears from morning till night, repeated always in tones of adulation and love. Christina, it was easy to divine, was the joy and pride of the family, and for three whole days Christina hid the light of her countenance at the other side

IN SEARCH OF A WIFE

of the loch. On the fourth day she was to return, and Anthony arose that morning with the feeling that he was on the eve of thrilling events. He had a picture of Christina in his mind made up of fragments borrowed from each separate member of the family, and pieced together to make a perfect whole. He borrowed the delicate lines of Mrs. Murray's profile, and her husband's dark, well-marked brows; he borrowed Agnes's fair complexion, and Elsie's graceful figure; he even threw in Peter's eyelashes, which he had frequently declared were thrown away upon a man, and a schoolmaster. Peter could, of course, have furnished a life-size description of Christina at any moment, but Anthony preferred to create her for himself, and was well satisfied with the result.

Christina arrived home by an early boat, and Anthony was introduced to her at the luncheon-table. As he approached the room he heard her talking, and was struck by the mellow beauty of her voice. It was the one touch that was needed to perfect his pictured ideal, and he quickened his steps, eager to see her face to face.

She was standing at the head of the table, in the full light of the great bay window. His first impression was of high shoulders, and a thin, shapeless form; then she turned her face, and he lost himself in a stupefaction of surprise. Christina was plain—was portentously plain, plain in a downright, thorough-going, no-deception-about-me manner, from which there could be no possible getting away. There are plain heroines known to us all, who in moments of emotion or evening dress blossom forth into a spasmodic beauty which throws all their rivals into the shade. We recognise them on first introduction, and discount their early humility. The day is coming, slowly, but surely, when they will gaze at their own reflection in the mirror, and blush at the sight of their own fairness. One could prophesy without a qualm that no amount of emotion or finery would ever make Christina blush at the sight of her personal charms! She had reddish-brown hair—very little of it, very badly dressed, no eyebrows worth mentioning, small eyes of an indefinite hue, high cheek-bones, a big mouth, and an army of freckles. She smiled at Anthony, shook his hand with hearty friendliness, and said: "Have some broth?" And he sat down quickly, stunned into silence.

This was Christina, the "good thing" in store which Brown Eyes had promised as compensation, the reality of the vision on which his expectations had been centred! This was Christina, the pride and joy of her clan! Anthony ate his nondescript meal in unusual silence, and found it in his heart to regret that only that morning he had accepted Mrs. Murray's cordial invitation to make her house his head-quarters for the next fortnight. Waste of time, sheer waste of time, unless, perchance, one of the guests. . . . He knew that a fresh detachment of visitors was expected at the end of the week. Possibly, among the number there might be a nice girl. . . . Christina, alas! was definitely ruled out of the list.



At the end of three days Anthony felt as if he had known Christina all his life. There were none of the usual preliminary stages to be gone through with Christina Murray; from the moment that she said, "How d'you do? Have some broth?" she dropped all subterfuges and became straightway the most cordial and candid of friends. Shyness or self-consciousness had no part in her composition; she was as easy and friendly as her sisters, but, unlike them, there was no detachment in her manner. She gave an impression of being intensely interested in the personality of the man to whom she was talking, and that in itself is an "Open sesame!" to a masculine heart!

Christina appeared at dinner in a décolleté gown, revealing scraggy shoulders and a neck burnt to a tan brown. In the morning, when the visitors jostled for "turns" at the bath, she appeared, unabashed, in a scarlet dressing-gown, with one miserable plaited wisp falling short of her shoulders. How on earth could a girl with *that* hair choose a red dressing-gown? Anthony felt much grieved and shocked, but Christina beamed upon him with the composure of a queen.

During the first evening Christina was asked to sing, and her choice fell upon that wonderful love song, "The Enchantress." Anthony strolled out on to the balcony and listened in amazement to one of the musical treats of his life. Christina's speaking voice was a beautiful thing, but it was as nothing compared with the mellowed sweetness of the full singing tones. Every

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word came clearly to the ears of the listener, sung with a depth of tenderness and appeal.

"Oh, believe me, love like ours
Is the power of magic powers.
Oh, believe me! Oh, believe me! . . ."

The words repeated themselves in added richness, thrilling Anthony with an answering emotion. Yes, it was true, it was true! Love was the magic of life: the only power which could transform the grey into gold, mutual love, the love of a man for his wife, the twin soul who was in very truth a second self. The reaction from the events of the last day was upon Anthony; he felt tired and discouraged. The beautiful voice called him to comfort and rest. . . . "Oh, believe me, love like ours is the power of magic powers. . . ." Indoors Christina bent low over the piano; she had put on a pair of spectacles to aid her sight; the irregular outline of her profile was shown in strong relief by the light of the lamp. But Anthony stood out in the moonlight and dreamt dreams.

There was no doubt about it, Christina was a manager! She managed the whole household, she managed not only the members of her own family, but also the visitors who came to stay in the house. She had a way of informing people of their own wishes, which only the bravest had pluck to oppose; and, be it noted, these said wishes were adapted most skilfully to fall in with her own convenience. For instance, when it had seemed to be her duty to take a long drive in order to meet an uninteresting elderly aunt, she would accost a female visitor after breakfast and foist the disagreeable duty upon her shoulders in the most agreeable and tactful of fashions. "I was thinking," she would say, smiling, "that you would like to sit quietly in the garden this hot morning, Miss Gertrude; and after your eleven o'clock milk, just take a little toddle with mother round the village. You would like a little rest after lunch, I'm sure, and the car is going into the station about three. I was thinking you would like to go in it, and do any little bits of shopping you may need. You could pick up Aunt Jane, and be back by five, and you two could have tea quietly on the veranda. . . ."

So on, and so on, until, twenty to one, the hearer was magnetised into agreeing that the programme exactly carried out her secret desires. Christina was overflowing

with magnetism, and he who discounted her influence on the score of lack of beauty, made an egregious mistake. Christina herself had long since ceased to lament her plain looks. "It is so much more credit," she said darkly, "*to do without!*"

Anthony found Christina the most interesting and entertaining of companions. He was charmed by the exquisite beauty of her singing, and as the days passed by he became more and more intrigued by the extraordinary incompatibility between the crooning tenderness therein displayed and the brisk commonplaceness of her ordinary manner. All the same, there lay at the bottom of his heart a smouldering mistrust! Because he could not understand, therefore he feared. He knew exactly how much he himself demanded of Christina; what he was uncomfortably beginning to doubt was: "*How much did Christina demand of himself?*"

There were occasions when he met the pale eyes fixed upon his face, and experienced a disagreeable sensation of helplessness. There were other occasions, humiliating to remember, when he had definitely made up his mind to refuse to be managed, and—Christina had managed him, all the same!

Before the end of the first week of his visit Anthony awoke to the astounding fact that the secrets of his heart were an open book to Christina. She knew his aims and ambitions; she knew about Brewster's house and his interview with the Head; she knew of the problem which at present absorbed his thoughts. She knew of Philippa Deering's existence, and, by what she said and did *not* say, Anthony had a burning conviction that she divined what had already been offered for Philippa's acceptance, and refused! When he blazed into indignation, and cried: "What do you know about it? How do you know? It's that confounded Peter—" she replied: "Silly boy! You told me yourself!" and quoted his own words to confound him. Certainly, at one time he had let drop this and that item of information, while at another time a sudden question had demanded a truthful reply; yet not one person in a thousand could have pieced those fragments together into the mosaic of an illuminating whole! But Christina was the one person in a thousand, and this was exactly what she had done!

Anthony made up his mind that *tête-à-têtes* with Christina Murray were fraught



"But Anthony stood out in the
moonlight and dreamt dreams."

Drawn by
H. Schlegel

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with danger, and determined to avoid them in future. He might just as well have tried to avoid the air by which he was surrounded. Literally, she enveloped him, blew him about, drove him whither she would. He shrugged his shoulders and gave up the struggle. It was only for a fortnight; she was a delightful companion for a fortnight, but Heaven help the man saddled with Christina Murray for life!



Brown Eyes and her husband motored over to call upon Anthony, according to promise; but he missed seeing them, having gone with Peter for a day's climbing expedition. He was delighted to hear that the two were expected for lunch one day towards the end of his second week's stay at Green Bank, for the memory of his little comrade and her gracious femininity had grown still more attractive from its contrast with the casual indifference of the Murray sisters. She had her faults, no doubt; was a naughty little thing, an aggravating, unreasonable, ungrateful, exacting little thing; but her sins were of the kind which a strong man finds it easy to forgive. She would be lectured like a naughty child, and then—like a naughty child—be kissed and forgiven. And how sweet that forgiving would be! Heigho! When all was said and done, the more feminine a woman, the more sweetly she could be loved!

Brown Eyes and her husband duly appeared at lunch, the former a vision of dainty complacency, the latter cadaverous and depressed, as of yore. Anthony wondered if any more "tantrums" had broken the peace of the last week, and made another mental note to the effect that suitability of temperament was of all things the most essential in a partnership for life. After lunch the ladies adjourned into the garden, while the men stayed behind to smoke on the veranda, but at the end of half an hour Anthony decided to seek a quiet nook and read a new book which had arrived from town by the morning's post. He passed round the back of the house, crossed the kitchen garden, and stretched himself on the ground, leaning for support against the back of a broken-down summer-house. The summer-house itself he disdained as a stuffy place, given over to cobwebs and crawling things; but here, in the open, he could breathe the fine pure air, and be as securely hidden from sight as though he were miles away.

For half an hour he enjoyed uninterrupted silence; then, from afar, came the crunch of footsteps on the gravel path; he heard a high, trilling laugh, echoed by a deeper, sweeter echo, and recognised that Christina and Brown Eyes were taking a walk around the grounds. The next moment the sound of his own name struck sharply across his ears, and he frowned and closed his book with the impulse of immediate escape. The rest of the sentence was unintelligible; however, it was only the familiarity of the two words which had carried them to his ears, and he assured himself that in a couple of minutes the girls would have passed by without having discovered his retreat. But the next minute brought a disagreeable jar, for just as the footsteps reached the summer-house, Brown Eyes cried in her clear, vivacious tones:

"Let's sit down for a few minutes, and talk comfortably. I'm dying to hear all about it! . . ."

Anthony made a grab at his cap, and sent a searching glance around to discover his best means of escape; but before he had time to move, further words came to his ears which literally paralysed him with horror.

"Tell me," pleaded Brown Eyes eagerly. "*Has he proposed?*"

Christina's voice answered, saying nonchalantly: "Not yet!"

"But he *will*, I suppose?" came the second query. "He is *going* to?"

"Oh, of course," came Christina's reply.

The cloth cap disappeared from sight in the grip of Anthony's fist; each separate feature of his face seemed to enlarge in ferocious prominence; he straightened his back, and the boards of the summer-house creaked beneath the strain. It seemed impossible that such a sound could escape attention, but the voices from within continued to exchange question and answer with absorbed curiosity.

"When?"

"I think," announced Christina thoughtfully, "I'll leave it till the end of the week."

"I'll leave it!" The listener's blood curdled at the audacity of the boast. Christina had not only "arranged" his own proposal of marriage, but she was actually taking upon herself to decide the date on which it should be offered! Anthony had slowly lifted himself to his feet in preparation for a hasty retreat, but at the hearing

IN SEARCH OF A WIFE

of that last statement his lips straightened. Deliberately he stood at attention, waiting to hear what came next. If war was declared upon him, it became his duty to discover the plan of attack.

"Thursday," mused Christina, "is always a busy day. It's mother's 'At Home,' and there are the mail letters to write. Friday we dine at the Macalisters'. It would be stupid going out to dinner just after a proposal, and when we came home there would scarcely be time. Saturday might do; but Saturday's rather a broken sort of day—so many odds and ends to pick up before Sunday. Perhaps Monday night might be best—Monday evening! I'd sing 'The Enchantress,' and then stroll out into the garden. . . ."

There was a short pause, during which Anthony heard Brown Eyes draw a long, shivering breath.

"Christina!" she cried pleadingly. "Are you *sure* that you want to marry a school-master?"

"Quite sure," replied Christina. "*That* school-master!"

That was enough. Anthony had heard all he wished to hear, and a good deal more, into the bargain! He stepped out noiselessly over the tangled grass, dodged between the trees, through a side path, out into the wide open country.



During the next hours Anthony went through a succession of emotions. At first, rage held him dumb—a fury of rage, in which he mentally denounced Christina, denounced all girls, denounced matrimony, hurled Brewster's house to the winds, and brandished the flag of freedom. Next, came the stage of satire, milder in invective, but infinitely more scathing. He allowed his fancy to play around Christina's failings and shortcomings, and laughed a contemptuous "Ha, ha!" at the thought that it was this girl above all others who had had the audacity to appropriate his own life and map it out to suit her own convenience. He was very scornful indeed on the subject of Christina's audacity until—that was the third stage!—there came a shivering douche of apprehension. Christina had boasted that, in her experience, to determine was to achieve, and the testimony of her relations bore out the truth of the statement. Christina, in their judgment, was invincible. "It's waste of time to

argue the matter," they were wont to declare. "If Christina says it will be, *it will be!* Better give in at once." Anthony recalled that pronouncement, mentally altering the phrasing of the last words. "Better *escape* at once!" Yes, that was the solution! He would escape. Send himself a telegram summoning him to another part of the country, on receipt of which he would pack up and depart at an hour's notice. He was not, he assured himself, in the least in danger of proposing marriage to Christina Murray, but after the conversation which he had just overheard he could not be satisfied that in the last extremity Christina *might not propose to him!* His blood curdled at the thought. He imagined himself standing in the moonlight surrounded by that marvellous panorama of mountain and loch, his brain still throbbing from the effects of that siren voice singing of the magic of love. He imagined Christina coming softly to his side. Was a man, could a man be responsible for what he might say at a moment like this? Could a man ensure perfect safety by any means short of flight?

Last of all, there came into play the saving grace of humour! Anthony had covered a mile of ground by this time, and had worked off the stress of his anger. Suddenly he laughed aloud, and, having once begun, found it difficult to leave off. Really, looked at in dispassionate mood, it was screamingly funny that he, who had deliberately set forth in search of a wife, should now be forced to fly lest he should be married in spite of himself! He threw back his head and sent out peal after peal of whole-hearted laughter; he straightened his broad shoulders and vowed that he would outwit Christina Murray at her own game. He was enjoying his holiday; the programme for the next few days promised a continuance of enjoyment. On Saturday morning a girl visitor was expected whose portrait, displayed in the drawing-room, went far to realise his own ideal of female beauty. Why should he deprive himself of four days' enjoyment? Why should he deny himself the chance of meeting Rose Macquaire? There would be abundant time to escape on Monday afternoon, while Christina was pluming herself for the final coup. . . .

Anthony whirled his stick in the air. His decision was taken. Stay—enjoy himself to the full, smile sweetly upon Christina, make

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the acquaintance of sweet Rose, and then, on Monday—a telegram, an apology, a hurried farewell, and a wholesome lesson for the girl he left behind him!



The weather was perfect. Like most things that are drawing to an end, life at Green Bank became more delightful with every day that passed. Rose Macquaire had arrived and proved even more attractive than her presentment. She was the purest style of Scottish beauty, linty locked, blue eyed, pink and white of complexion, yet with none of the usual insipidity of very fair women. The modest yet undisguised interest with which she regarded the handsome schoolmaster was quite to that gentleman's liking. He regretted keenly that circumstances over which he had no control were soon to separate him from this charming girl, and cherished an extra grudge against Christina on this account.

On Sunday morning an extraordinary thing happened. Anthony, the strongest, the most healthy of creatures, felt thoroughly ill; heavy and languid, disinclined for action, out of tune with himself and the world in general. He said nothing about his sufferings, actuated by the impatient shame which a strong man experiences when his body becomes a handicap to his will; but he was silent and distraught, and Christina openly accused him of being in a bad temper. Only sweet Rose Macquaire divined the real reason of his taciturnity, and felt his pulse with anxious assiduity in the garden after luncheon. She had a good deal of difficulty in discovering his pulse at all, and, when found, her calculations differed by a round dozen from Anthony's own, so that the experiment had to be repeated several times over for accuracy's sake.

The "second hearing" was distinctly bad, registering considerably above the normal. Nevertheless, Anthony felt cheered by the experience. He found it quite agreeable to be a source of anxiety to Rose Macquaire, to be exhorted to take care of himself, and privately doctored from her own store of medicines; nevertheless, when ten o'clock arrived he was thankful to tumble into bed and to forget his physical discomforts in sleep.

On Monday morning Anthony awoke with a strange, an unprecedented feeling of discomfort. His head ached in the literal

application of the word—not his forehead alone, but his entire head, his neck, his face. He could not rest, the pillow stuck into him, seemed, of a sudden, unsympathetic and hard. With a sudden horrible apprehension, Anthony leapt out of bed and strode across the room towards the dressing-table. What he saw reflected in the mirror struck him dumb with dismay. The first glance revealed the situation in its full horror; he needed no further explanation of his restless night, his discomforts of the day before. Without the word of any doctor he diagnosed his case, and stood face to face with the inconceivable, the shocking, the humiliating truth! *Mumps!* The school epidemic of the last term, which he had regarded from an Olympian height as a ridiculous seizure, undeserving of sympathy, had with its last expiring gasp claimed him as a victim, but had deliberately waited to declare its presence until his holidays had begun and he was a member of a big house-party! The sight of his swollen and distorted face touched Anthony on a tender spot. He was accustomed to admiration, and shrank from the prospect of exhibiting himself in this new and ridiculous guise. It had to be done, however. So he hastened into a dressing-gown, rang the bell for a servant, and sent a message to Mrs. Murray that he would like to speak to her at her convenience.

She came at once, prepared, as she herself announced, to find Anthony indisposed—not prepared, however, as her twitching lips showed, for the lugubrious spectacle which confronted her from across the room. It was typical of Mrs. Murray that her first sympathy went out to him, rather than to herself.

"My poor dear fellow," she cried, "this is indeed hard lines! I fear—I fear there is no mistake about it. . . . Dr. Halton shall come up and see you; but I'm afraid there is nothing to be done. I suppose you have no idea where you got the infection?" Anthony Graeme flushed all over his large face.

"The worst of it is—I *have!*" he confessed humbly. "We had an epidemic of mumps amongst the boys; but I went through the whole term without going down. None of the masters went down. I took for granted that I was safe. I'd rather have shot myself than have brought infection here. I'm afraid you will never

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"Tell me," pleaded Brown Eyes eagerly,
"Has he proposed?"—p. 810.

Drawn by
N. Schlegel.

forgive me! I'll pack up and clear out at once, before I do any further harm."

But at that Mrs. Murray took a determined stand.

"Any harm that you could do is already done. All we can do now is to take care it goes no farther. It would be wicked for you to travel for three weeks to come, for everyone you meet would probably catch the infection. You wouldn't be cruel enough to spread mumps broadcast through a holiday-making Scotland! If you were, I am stern enough to lock you up to prevent you from doing it!"

"But—but—" Anthony would not give in without a protest. "I could motor to the station. I could engage a carriage for myself. I could take every possible care."

"No doctor would give you permission to travel in a public vehicle at present, and you would be very wrong to attempt it. I wonder at you—a schoolmaster—being so reckless! You, at least, ought to realise how infection spreads."

"But—but—" Anthony's look of help-

lessness was at once pathetic and comical to witness. "What am I to do? You can't keep me here!"

"Oh, indeed, I can. That's easily arranged," Mrs. Murray assured him. "When we built this house we planned two adjoining rooms at the end of the east wing which could be used as an isolation ward when needed. I shall move you there, where you will have your own sitting-room and bedroom, and we will do our best to make you comfortable."

"You are awfully good, far too good! I feel the most despicable of worms to have let you in for this. But your guests—all the other people—what about them? Oh, I say, shall I be responsible for breaking up the whole party?"

Mrs. Murray kindly waved aside the suggestion.

"I shall leave it to them to decide; but I fancy they will feel that they may as well stay on. Of course, I shall not invite any fresh visitors. In any case, I am quite sure they will all be more sorry for you than for themselves. It's hard lines that

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three weeks of your summer holidays should be spent shut up indoors. Let's hope it may be a slight attack, and then we can keep you going with nice books!"

Anthony looked the picture of depression. The mumps stood out beneath each ear, and sloped steeply down into his neck. His skin felt stretched and sore, sharp, knife-like pains darted up and down. He was alike unused to illness and isolation, and the prospect of being shut up alone for three long weeks seemed beyond human endurance. He reflected heavily that he might as well die at once and be done with it.

"If you would only let me go!" he said drearly. "If you would only let me go!"

"You shall go to bed, my boy, and as quickly as possible. That's the best place for you for the next few days! Lie down here for an hour or two till I get the rooms aired and ready, and you'll see how comfortable I'll make you. Mumps! Who is going to worry about a trifling illness like mumps?" cried kind Mrs. Murray breezily. "Let us be thankful it isn't diphtheria. You feel pretty poorly just now, but in three or

four days you will be quite yourself again. I've nursed patients with mumps before now, and after the first week all they need is to be amused." She drew the coverlet over Anthony's recumbent form, and added cheerily: "Christina shall amuse you! She is the only one of my girls who has had mumps, so she is safe against infection. Christina shall come up and sing to you, and play chess!"

Anthony shut his eyes and burrowed his head in the pillow. Not for a thousand pounds could he have faced his hostess and answered her words of cheer. She left the room, and he reared himself upright in bed, staring wildly to right and left.

The inconceivable danger of the situation burst upon him and deprived him of breath. He had been guilty of the folly of procrastination, against which he had invariably warned his scholars; he had postponed his escape until the eleventh moment, and now, at the eleventh moment, behold! the way was barred before him.

Fate and the mumps had delivered him into Christina's hands!

[TO BE CONTINUED]



Noontide.

Photo: J. Gale.

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Photo:
Violet K. Blacklock.

A LAW UNTO HIMSELF

A School where Children Choose their Own Lessons

By AGNES M. MIALl

SPEAKING generally, St. Pancras by no means ranks among London's attractive districts. Yet pleasant, old-fashioned squares, green with the greenness that is seldom entirely lacking anywhere in the metropolis, may still be found among its drab streets, and in one of these quiet squares, in a tall old house, the Caldecott Community has its home.

"The Days that make us Happy"

In spite of its quaint name it is a school, but a school run on uncommon and fascinating lines. "The days that make us happy make us wise" is one of the sayings black-lettered on the schoolroom walls, and it might be taken as the motto of the Community. To teach little children well and pleasantly through the things they love doing, not by hated tasks—that is the aim of this five-year-old school at St. Pancras.

Each pupil (their ages range from three

years old to seven) is a law unto himself, and selects his own lessons. Sitting in the big, airy, well-lighted classroom, with its black paint, white walls and gay orange curtains, I watched about twenty children choose and start their morning tasks. There was none of the tumult and confusion I had somehow expected in a classroom where every pupil pleased himself; no squabbling for pet books, or words of rebellion. Each child seemed to have his desires clearly defined inside his small head, for in some cases at once, in others after a minute's thought, he or she went to the low shelves running around the walls and fetched the pencils, books or sewing materials required. In a very short time every little learner had found a place at one of the low kindergarten tables and was busily at work.

Developing Individuality

Sitting quietly in my observation corner,

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my eyes roved over the room and its varied activities. Individuality came out strongly in this classroom, for hardly any two children had chosen the same occupation. Here one was writing laboriously in a large, round hand, there another made red cross-stitch on white canvas, yonder a third sat beside a teacher who was giving him ideas in geography with the help of a black-and-white globe. At the blackboards fixed to the farther wall one of the elder girls was chalking up "eight times," with many pauses for

children freely changed their positions, or went to seek whispered help from others more advanced than themselves. When they tired of what they were doing—and I believe it is a medical fact that little ones under eight cannot concentrate profitably on one thing for more than twenty minutes—they quietly put away their materials and fetched something fresh. The teachers did not interfere, but they were always there to explain difficulties or help in the choice of a new subject, unobtrusively turning the



A Corner of the Schoolroom.

Photo: Violet K. Sigurd.

reflection; sometimes she turned to consult a little artist in plasticine who sat at a neighbouring table. Near the piano a pig-tailed little maiden was having an easy lesson in dictation from one of the teachers, and a child lay comfortably on the floor reading.

Absorbed, but not Silent

A quiet and absorbed atmosphere filled the room, but there was not the absolute silence that characterises more normal classes. The founders of the Caldecott Community realise that it is not in nature for children under eight neither to fidget nor to talk all through a long hour, and so the

pupils' attention to any lesson that was in danger of being neglected.

A Successful Experiment

One might suppose that children, left to themselves in this way, would refuse to learn lessons at all. But this is far from being the case, when the pursuit of knowledge is a delightful adventure, leading each pupil he knows not where. There is always the delight of "finding things out," seldom experienced under ordinary class teaching, and the mystery of the discoveries that are just out of reach. As the Community report says:

"The experiment of the nursery school

A LAW UNTO HIMSELF



Rest
Time.

Photo:
Violet K. Elshoch.

has abundantly proved that small children, working in their own time and on their own initiative, work eagerly and persistently. Any progress that they make they feel to be their own achievement, and the concentration with which they struggle is astonishing. Guidance and help are never forced upon them, but are there for the children to take if they want, and the whole course of their work is, therefore, natural and spontaneous. When they are hungry for reading, they read; when their fingers demand knitting or beads, they know where to find them; and when their backs suggest lying upon the floor, the floor awaits them. The consequence of this is, that they read with attention, knit with delight, and rest with an easy conscience.

"The freedom with which the children work is, of course, a well-guarded and a carefully selected freedom, and all subjects cannot be treated with the same detachment. Dancing and games, for example, demand social co-operation, though there also nothing is forced upon them, and the child whose legs refuse to dance may sit unmolested in his corner. Experience, however, has shown that the social compulsion among babies is almost as rigid as among their elders, and only for very good reasons will they set themselves apart from these pursuits."

What about Self-Discipline?

It may be objected that a child who is always allowed to please himself gets no training in self-discipline; but the Community has not experienced this difficulty during its five years of successful teaching. There is a stage when the pupil grows beyond baby whims, and becomes keenly anxious to have finished work to his credit. He may not want to go on hemming his handkerchief when there are so many other things to do, but he wants to *have* hemmed that handkerchief, and by sticking at it until it is finished he builds up a little bit of character. Surely he learns as much by persisting because he wants to have done it, as by the more usual method of completing his task against his will because he is forced to do so! And between the joy and satisfaction of the two systems there is no comparison. The Community is yet young, but



A Lesson in
Geography.

Photo:
Violet K. Elshoch.

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so far it has found its principles work out better than the usual routine of rules and punishments.

But why "Community"? Why call the school a Community? someone asks. Because it is more than a school; it aims at being rather a little world, in which the pupils may learn social as well as educational lessons, and the parents may co-operate as closely as possible with the teachers. "Every child," says the Community, "should live a life in which home and work and play are all fused together," and this ideal is responsible for many unusual items on the daily time-table.

A Working-class School

All the children come from working-class homes, in many of which the mother goes out to work during the day. She can leave her little ones in the Community from nine in the morning till half-past six at night, knowing that they will be happy and well-fed. Dinners and teas are provided for all those who stay the entire day, and the mothers pay what they can afford for these meals. Otherwise the school is a free one.

The day begins at nine with the removing of hats and coats, the donning of overalls, washing and tooth-brushing, dusting and the feeding of the birds, in all of which the children take a share. Prayers are followed by a cleanliness inspection, and then the children occupy themselves as I have described until lunch at eleven. Afterwards they have singing games or free play—in the garden in summer—until dinner, at which the children wait on each other. More lessons follow for the bigger pupils, while in the babies' classroom the curtains are drawn and naps indulged in. At three o'clock the children write diaries of the day's work, and a similar record is kept by the teachers for each little pupil, so that progress may be properly chronicled. Here are two days' entries from the journal of a seven-year-old:

"November 11.—Cross-stitch, subtraction, money sum, wrote out poetry.

"November 12.—Knitting, subtraction sums, went to the dentist."

The teacher's diary, of course, is more detailed, and includes notes on health and conduct and other general remarks, which furnish valuable help in dealing with the pupil's development.

At four o'clock there is tea for those children whose mothers are still at work, and afterwards the little mites wash up and wipe the china themselves. Small as they are, they enjoy this part of the day's programme as much as any, and breakages are few and far between, despite the youth of the kitchen-maids. After a jolly play-hour they are all fetched home, and in the evening comes the meeting of the Mothers' Club run in connection with the school.

Club for Parents

The co-ordination between home and school life on which the Community lays so much stress is greatly helped by this club for parents, at which teachers and mothers lay their heads together for the good of the children. These working-class women are too busy and too ignorant to train their children themselves, so the Community does this for them with all the experience and wisdom at its command, and the mothers co-operate with suggestion and observation. The Community keeps careful guard over the health of its pupils, and physical as well as mental problems are discussed at the Mothers' Club. The school is always ready to give advice regarding holidays and clothing, and has a depot at which the most sensible and hygienic children's garments may be bought at cost price.

Of the triumphant success of the Community there can be no possible doubt. It started in a very small way with twelve children. Now it is full with fifty-seven, and the waiting list is always a long one. While no fresh pupils over seven years of age will be admitted, it is proposed to keep the present ones until they reach their teens, and as time goes on to adopt any modifications or new features that may seem necessary for their best development. The knowledge and insight into child nature so gained are likely to make the path of education a nobler and happier one for many little people still to come.



MICHAEL

Serial Story

By E. F. BENSON

CHAPTER XII

THE MIRACLE

MICHAEL was sitting in the big studio at the Falbes' house late one afternoon at the end of June, and the warmth and murmur of the full-blown summer filled the air. The day had so far declined that the rays of the sun, level in its setting, poured slantingly in through the big window to the north, and shining through the foliage of the plane-trees outside made a diaper of rosy illuminated spots and angled shadows on the whitewashed wall. As the leaves stirred in the evening breeze, this pattern shifted and twinkled; now, as the wind blew aside a bunch of foliage, a lake of rosy gold would spring up on the wall; then, as the breath of movement died, the green shadows grew thicker, again faintly stirring. Through the window to the south, which Hermann had caused to be cut there, since the studio was not used for painting purposes, Michael could see into the patch of high-walled garden, where Mrs. Falbe was sitting in a low basket chair, completely absorbed in a book of high-born and ludicrous adventures. She had made a mild attempt when she found that Michael intended to wait for Sylvia's return to entertain him till she came; but, with a little oblique encouragement, remarking on the beauty and warmth of the evening, and the pleasure of sitting out of doors, Michael had induced her to go out again, and leave him alone in the studio, free to live over again that which, twenty-four hours ago, had changed life for him.

He reconstructed it as he sat on the sofa, and dwelt on the pearl-moments of it. Just this time yesterday he had come in and found Sylvia alone. She had got up, he remembered, to give him greeting, and just opposite the fireplace they had come face to face. She held in her hand a small white rose which she had plucked in the tiny garden here in the middle of London. It

was not a very fine specimen, but it was a rose, and she had said in answer to his depreciatory glance, "But you must see it when I have washed it. One has to wash London flowers."

Then . . . the miracle happened. Michael, with the hand that had just taken hers, stroked a petal of this prized vegetable, with no thought in his mind stronger than the thoughts that had been indigenous there since Christmas. As his finger first touched the rim of the town-bred petals, undersized yet not quite lacking in "rose-quality," he had intended nothing more than to salute the flower, as Sylvia made her apology for it, "One has to wash London flowers." But as he touched it he looked up at her, and the quiet, usual song of his thoughts towards her grew suddenly loud and stupefyingly sweet. It was as if from the vacant hive-door the bees swarmed. In her eyes, as they met his, he thought he saw an expectancy, a welcome, and his hand, instead of stroking the rose-petals, closed on the rose and on the hand that held it, and kept them close imprisoned and strongly gripped. He could not remember if he had spoken any word, but he had seen that in her face which rendered all speech unnecessary, and, knowing in the bones and the blood of him that he was right, he kissed her. And then she had said, "Yes, Michael."

His hand still was tight on hers that held the crumpled rose, and when he opened it, lover-like, to stroke and kiss it, there was a spot of blood in the palm of it, where a rose-thorn had pricked her, just one drop of Sylvia's blood. As he kissed it, he had wiped it away with the tip of his tongue between his lips, and she smiling had said, "Oh, Michael, how silly!"

They had sat together on the sofa where this afternoon he sat alone waiting for her. Every moment of that half-hour was as distinct as the outline of trees and hills just before a storm, and yet it was still entirely dream-like. He knew it had happened, for nothing but the happening of it would

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account now for the fact of himself; but, though there was nothing in the world so true, there was nothing so incredible. Yet it was all as clean-cut in his mind as etched lines, and round each line sprang flowers and singing birds. For a long space there was silence after they had sat down, and then she said, "I think I always loved you, Michael, only I didn't know it" Thereafter, foolish love talk; he had claimed a superiority there, for he had always loved her and had always known it. Much time had been wasted owing to her ignorance . . . she ought to have known. But all the time that existed was theirs now. In all the world there was no more time than what they had. The crumpled rose had its petals rehabilitated, the thorn that had pricked her was peeled off. They wondered if Hermann had come in yet. Then, by some vague process of locomotion, they found themselves at the piano, and with her arm round his neck Sylvia had whispered half a verse of the song of herself. . . .

They became a little more definite over lover-confessions. Michael had, so to speak, nothing to confess: he had loved all along—he had wanted her all along; there never had been the least pretence or nonsense about it. Her path was a little more difficult to trace, but once it had been traversed it was clear enough. She had liked him always; she had felt sister-like from the moment when Hermann brought him to the house, and sister-like she had continued to feel, even when Michael had definitely declared there was "no thoroughfare" there. She had missed that relationship when it stopped: she did not mind telling him that now, since it was abandoned by them both; but not for the world would she have confessed before that she had missed it. She had loved being asked to come and see his mother, and it was during those visits that she had helped to pile the barricade across the "sister-thoroughfare" with her own hands. She began to share Michael's sense of the impossibility of that road. They could not walk down it together, for they had to be either more or less to each other than that. And, during these visits, she had begun to understand (and her face a little hid itself) what Michael's love meant. She saw it manifested towards his mother; she was taught by it; she learned it; and, she supposed, she loved it. Anyhow, having seen it, she could not want Michael as a brother any longer, and if he still wanted

anything else, she supposed (so she supposed) that some time he would mention that fact. Yes; she began to hope that he would not be very long about it. . . .

Michael went over this very deliberately as he sat waiting for her twenty-four hours later. He rehearsed this moment and that over and over again: in mind he followed himself and Sylvia across to the piano, not hurrying their steps, and going through the verse of the song she sang at the pace at which she actually sang it. And, as he dreamed and recollected, he heard a little stir in the quiet house, and Sylvia came.

They met just as they met yesterday in front of the fireplace.

"Oh, Michael, have you been waiting long?" she said.

"Yes, hours, or perhaps a couple of minutes. I don't know."

"Ah, but which? If hours, I shall apologise, and then excuse myself by saying that you must have come earlier than you intended. If minutes, I shall praise myself for being so exceedingly punctual."

"Minutes, then," said he. "I'll praise you instead. Praise is more convincing if somebody else does it."

"Yes, but you aren't somebody else. Now be sensible. Have you done all the things you told me you were going to do?"

"Yes."

Sylvia released her hands from his.

"Tell me, then," she said. "You've seen your father?"

There was no cloud on Michael's face. There was such sunlight where his soul sat that no shadow could fall across it.

"Oh, yes, I saw him," he said.

He captured Sylvia's hand again.

"And what is more he saw me, so to speak," he said. "He realised that I had an existence independent of him. I used to be a—sort of clock to him; he could put his hands to point to any hour he chose. Well, he has realised—he has really—that I am ticking along on my own account. He was quite respectful, not only to me, which doesn't matter, but to you—which does." Michael laughed, as he plaited his fingers in with hers.

"My father is so comic," he said, "and unlike most great humorists his humour is absolutely unconscious. He was perfectly well aware that I meant to marry you, for I told him that last Christmas, adding that you did not mean to marry me. So since

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then I think he's got used to you. Used to you—fancy getting used to you!"

"Especially since he had never seen me," said the girl.

"That makes it less odd. Getting used to you after seeing you would be much more incredible. I was saying that in a way he had got used to you, just as he's got used to my being a person, and not a clock on his chimney-piece, and what seems to have made so much difference is what Aunt Barbara told him last night, namely, that your mother was a Tracy. Sylvia, don't let it be too much for you, but in a certain far-away manner he realises that you are one of us. Isn't he a comic? He's going to make the best of you, it appears. To make the best of you! You can't beat that, you know. In fact, he told me to ask if he might come and pay his respects to your mother to-morrow."

"And what about my singing, my career?" she asked.

Michael laughed again.

"He was funny about that also," he said. "My father took it absolutely for granted that, having made this tremendous social advance, you would bury your past, all but the Tracy part of it, as if it had been something disgraceful which the exalted Comber family agreed to overlook."

"And what did you say?"

"I? Oh, I told him that, of course, you would do as you pleased about that, but that for my part I should urge you most strongly to do nothing of the kind."

"And he?"

"He got four inches taller. What is so odd is that as long as I never opposed my father's wishes, as long as I was the clock on the chimney-piece, I was terrified of him. The thought of opposing myself to him made my knees quake. But the moment I began doing so, I found there was nothing to be frightened at."

Sylvia got up and began walking up and down the long room.

"But what am I to do about it, Michael?" she asked. "Oh, I blush when I think of a conversation I had with Hermann about you, just before Christmas, when I knew you were going to propose to me. I said that I could never give up my singing. Can you picture the self-importance of that? Why, it doesn't seem to me to matter two straws whether I do or not. Naturally, I don't want to earn my living by it any more, but whether I sing or not doesn't

matter. And even as the words are in my mouth I try to imagine myself not singing any more, and I can't. It's become part of me, and while I blush to think of what I said to Hermann, I wonder whether it's not true."

She came and sat down by him again.

"I believe you have got enough artistic instinct to understand that, Michael," she said, "and to know what a tremendous help it is to one's art to be a professional, and to be judged seriously. I suppose that, ideally, if one loves music as I do one ought to be able to do one's very best, whether one is singing professionally or not, but it is hardly possible. Why, the whole difference between amateurs and professionals is that amateurs sing charmingly and professionals just sing. Only they sing as well as they possibly can, not only because they love it, but because if they don't they will be dropped on to, and if they continue not singing their best, will lose their place which they have so hardly won. I can see myself, perhaps, not singing at all, literally never opening my lips in song again, but I can't see myself coming down to the Drill Hall at Brixton, extremely beautifully dressed, with rows of pearls, and arriving rather late, and just singing charmingly. It's such a spur to know that serious musicians judge one's performance by the highest possible standard. It's so relaxing to think that one can easily sing well enough, that one can delight ninety-nine hundredths of the audience without any real effort. I could sing 'The Lost Chord' and move the whole Drill Hall at Brixton to tears. But there might be one man there who knew, you or Hermann or some other, and at the end he would just shrug his shoulders ever so slightly, and I would wish I had never been born."

She paused a moment.

"I'll not sing any more at all, ever," she said, "or I must sing to those who will take me seriously and judge me ruthlessly. To sing just well enough to please isn't possible. I'll do either you like."

Mrs. Falbe strayed in at this moment with her finger in her book, but otherwise as purposeless as a wandering mist.

"I was afraid it might be going to get chilly," she remarked. "After a hot day there is often a cool evening. Will you stop and dine, Lord—I mean, Michael?"

"Please; certainly!" said Michael.

"Then I hope there will be something for

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you to eat. Sylvia, is there something to eat? No doubt you will see to that, darling. I shall just rest upstairs for a little before dinner, and perhaps finish my book. So pleased you are stopping."

She drifted towards the studio door, in thistledown fashion catching at corners a little, and then moving smoothly on again, talking gently half to herself, half to the others.

"And Hermann's not in yet, but if Lord—I mean Michael, is going to stop here till dinner-time, it won't matter whether Hermann comes in in time to dress or not, as Michael is not dressed either. Oh, there is the postman's knock! What a noise! I am not expecting any letters."

The knock in question, however, proved to be Hermann, who, as was generally the case, had forgotten his latchkey. He ran into his mother at the studio door, and came and sat down, regardless of whether he was wanted or not, between the two on the sofa, and took an arm of each.

"I probably intrude," he said, "but such is my intention. I've just seen Lady Barbara, who says that the shock has not been too much for Mike's father. That is a good thing; she says he is taking nourishment much as usual. I suppose I oughtn't to jest on so serious a subject, but I took my cue from Lady Barbara. It appears that we have blue blood too, Sylvia, and we must behave more like aristocrats. A Tracy in the time of King John flirted, if no more, with a Comber. And what about your career, Sylvia? Are you going to continue to urge your wild career, or not? I ask with a purpose, as Blackiston proposes we should give a concert together in the third week in July. The Queen's Hall is vacant one afternoon, and he thinks we might sing and play to them. I'm on if you are. It will be about the last concert of the season, too, so we shall have to do our best. Otherwise we, or I, anyhow, will start again in the autumn with a black mark. By the way, are you going to start again in the autumn? It wouldn't surprise me one bit to hear that you and Mike had been talking about just that."

"Don't be too clever to live, Hermann," said Sylvia.

"I don't propose to die, if you mean that. Oh, Blackiston had another suggestion also. He wanted to know if we would consider making a short tour in Germany in the autumn. He says that the beloved Father-

land is rather disposed to be interested in us. He thinks we should have good audiences at Leipzig, and so on. There's a tendency, he says, to recognise poor England, a cordial intention, anyhow. I said that in your case there might be domestic considerations which—— But I think I shall go in any case. Gracious, fancy playing in Germany to Germans again. Fancy being listened to by a German audience; fancy if they approved."

Michael leaned forward, putting his elbow into Hermann's chest. Early December had already been mentioned as a date for their marriage, and as a pre-nuptial journey, this seemed to him a plan ecstatically ideal.

"Yes, Sylvia," he said. "The answer is yes. I shall come with you, you know. I can see it; a triumphal procession, you two making noises, and me listening. A month's tour, Hermann. Middle of October till middle of November. Yes, yes."

All his tremendous pride in her singing, dormant for the moment under the wonder of his love, rose to the surface. He knew what her singing meant to her, and, from their conversation together just now, how keen was her eagerness for the strict judgment of those who knew, how she loved that austere pinnacle of daylight. Here was an ideal opportunity; never yet, since she had won her place as a singer, had she sung in Germany, that Mecca of the musical artist, and in her case, the land from which she sprang. Had the scheme implied a postponement of their marriage, he would still have declared himself for it, for he unerringly felt for her in this; he knew intuitively what delicious beckoning this held for her.

"Yes, yes," he repeated, "I must have you do that, Sylvia. I don't care what Hermann wants or what you want. I want it."

"Yes, but who's to do the playing and the singing?" asked Hermann. "Isn't it a question, perhaps, for——"

Michael felt quite secure about the feelings of the other two, and rudely interrupted.

"No," he said. "It's a question for me. When the Fatherland hears that I am there it will no doubt ask me to play and sing instead of you two. Goodness, fancy, marrying into such a distinguished family. I burst with pride!"

It required, then, little debate, since all three were agreed, before Hermann was em-



"Oh, Michael, have you been waiting long?" she said—"p. 820,

Drawn by
Stanley Davis.

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powered with authority to make arrangements, and they remained simultaneously talking till Mrs. Falbe, again drifting in, announced that the bell for dinner had sounded some minutes before. She had her finger in the last chapter of "Lady Ursula's Ordeal," and laid it face downwards on the table to resume again at the earliest possible moment. This opportunity was granted her when, at the close of dinner, coffee and the evening paper came in together. This Hermann opened at the middle page.

"Hallo!" he said. "That's horrible! The Heir Apparent of the Austrian Emperor has been murdered at Serajevo. Servian plot, apparently."

"Oh, what a dreadful thing," said Mrs. Falbe, opening her book. "Poor man, what had he done?"

Hermann took a cigarette, frowning.

"It may be a match—" he began.

Mrs. Falbe diverted her attention from "Lady Ursula" for a moment.

"They are on the chimney-piece, dear," she said, thinking he spoke of material matches.

Michael felt that Hermann saw something or conjectured something ominous in this news, for he sat with knitted brow reading, and letting the match burn down.

"Yes; it seems that Servian officers are implicated," he said. "And there are materials enough already for a row between Austria and Servia without this."

"Those tiresome Balkan States," said Mrs. Falbe, slowly immersing herself like a diving submarine in her book. "They are always quarrelling. Why doesn't Austria conquer them all and have done with it?"

This simple and striking solution of the whole Balkan question was her final contribution to the topic, for at this moment she became completely submerged, and cut off, so to speak, from the outer world, in the lucent depths of "Lady Ursula."

Hermann glanced through the other pages, and let the paper slide to the floor.

"What will Austria do?" he said. "Supposing she threatens Servia in some outrageous way and Russia says she won't stand it? What then?"

Michael looked across to Sylvia; he was much more interested in the way she dabbled the tips of her hands in the cool water of her finger bowl than in what Hermann was saying. Her fingers had an

extraordinary life of their own; just now they were like a group of maidens by a fountain. . . . But Hermann repeated the question to him personally.

"Oh, I suppose there will be a lot of telegraphing," he said, "and perhaps a board of arbitration. After all, one expected a European conflagration over the war of the Balkan States, and again over their row with Turkey. I don't believe in European conflagrations. We are all too much afraid of each other. We walk round each other like collie dogs on the tips of their toes, gently growling, and then quietly get back to our own territories and lie down again."

Hermann laughed.

"Thank God, there's that wonderful fire-engine in Germany ready to turn the hose on conflagrations."

"What fire-engine?" asked Michael.

"The Emperor, of course. We should have been at war ten times over but for him."

Sylvia dried her finger-tips one by one.

"Lady Barbara doesn't quite take that view of him, does she, Mike?" she asked.

Michael suddenly remembered how one night in the flat Aunt Barbara had suddenly turned the conversation from the discussion of cognate topics, on hearing that the Falbes were Germans, only to resume it again when they had gone.

"I don't fancy she does," he said. "But then, as you know, Aunt Barbara has original views on every subject."

Hermann did not take the possible hint here conveyed to drop the matter.

"Well, then, what do you think about him?" he asked.

Michael laughed.

"My dear Hermann," he said, "how often have you told me that we English don't pay the smallest attention to international politics. I am aware that I don't; I know nothing whatever about them."

Hermann shook off the cloud of pre-occupation that so unaccountably, to Michael's thinking, had descended on him, and walked across to the window.

"Well, long may ignorance be bliss," he said. "Lord, what a divine evening! 'Ueber allen Gipfeln ist ruhe.' At least, there is peace on the only summits visible, which are house roofs. There's not a breath of wind in the trees and chimney-pots; and it's hot, it's really hot."

"I was afraid there was going to be a

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chill at sunset," remarked Mrs. Falbe subaqueously.

"Then you were afraid even where no fear was, mother darling," said he, "and if you would like to sit out in the garden I'll take a chair out for you, and a table and candles. Let's all sit out; it's a divine hour this hour after sunset. There are but a score of days in the whole year when the hour after sunset is warm like this. It's such a pity to waste one indoors. The young people"—and he pointed at Sylvia and Michael—"will gaze into each other's hearts, and Mamma's will beat in unison with Lady Ursula's, and I will sit and look at the sky and become profoundly sentimental like a good German."

Hermann and Michael bestirred themselves, and presently the whole little party had encamped on chairs placed in an oasis of rugs (this was done at the special request of Mrs. Falbe, since Lady Ursula had caught a chill that developed into consumption) in the small, high-walled garden. Beyond at the bottom lay the road along the embankment and the grey-blue Thames, and the dim woods of Battersea Park across the river. When they came out, sparrows were still chirping in the ivy on the studio wall and in the tall angle-leaved planes at the bottom of the little plot, discussing, no doubt, the domestic arrangements for their comfort during the night. But presently a sudden hush fell upon them, and their shrillness was sharp no more against the drowsy hum of the city. The sky overhead was of veiled blue, growing gradually more toneless as the light faded, and was unflecked by any cloud, except where high in the zenith a fleece of rosy vapour still caught the light of the sunken sun, and flamed with the soft radiance of some snow-summit. Near it there burned a molten planet, growing momentarily brighter as the night gathered and presently beginning to be dimmed again as a tawny moon three days past the full rose in the east above the low river horizon. Occasionally a steamer hooted from the Thames and the noise of churned waters sounded, or the crunch of a motor's wheels, or the tapping of the heels of a foot passenger on the pavement below the garden wall. But such evidence of outside seemed but to accentuate the perfect peace of this secluded little garden where the four sat; the hour and the place were cut off from all turmoil and activities; for a moment the stream of all

their lives had flowed into a backwater, where it now rested immobile between the travel it had accomplished and the travel that was yet to come. So it seemed to Michael then, and so years afterwards it seemed to him, as vividly as on this evening when the tawny moon grew golden as it climbed the empty heavens, dimming the stars around it.

What they talked of, even though it was Sylvia who spoke, seemed external to the spirit of the hour. They seemed to have reached a point, some momentary halting-place, where speech and thought even lay outside, and the need of the spirit was merely to exist and be conscious of its existence. Sometimes for a moment his past life with its self-repression, its mute yearnings, its chrysalis stirrings, formed a mist that dispersed again, sometimes for a moment in wonder at what the future held, what joys and troubles, what aches, perhaps, and anguishes, the unknown knocked stealthily at the door of his mind, but then stole away unanswered and unwelcome, and for that hour, while Mrs. Falbe finished with Lady Ursula, while Hermann smoked and sighed like a sentimental German, and while he and Sylvia sat, speaking occasionally, but more often silent, he was in some kind of Nirvana for which its own existence was everything. Movement had ceased: he held his breath while that divine pause lasted.

When it was broken, there was no shattering of it: it simply died away like a long-drawn chord as Mrs. Falbe closed her book.

"She died," she said, "I knew she would."

Hermann gave a great shout of laughter.

"Darling mother, I'm ever so much obliged," he said. "We had to return to earth somehow. Where has everybody else been?"

Michael stirred in his chair.

"I've been here," he said.

"How dull! Oh, I suppose that's not polite to Sylvia. I've been in Leipzig and in Frankfurt and in Munich. You and Sylvia have been there, too, I may tell you. But I've also been here: it's jolly here."

His sentimentalism had apparently not quite passed from him.

"Ah, we've stolen this hour!" he said.

"We've taken it out of the hurly-burly and had it to ourselves. It's been ripping. But I'm back from the rim of the world. Oh,

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I've been there, too, and looked out over the immortal sea. *Lieber Gott*, what a sea, where we all come from, and where we all go to! We're just playing on the sand where the waves have cast us up for one little hour. Oh, the pleasant warm sand and the play! How I love it."

He got out of his chair stretching himself, as Mrs. Falbe passed into the house, and gave a hand on each side to Michael and Sylvia.

"Ah, it was a good thing I just caught that train at Victoria nearly a year ago," he said. "If I had been five seconds later, I should have missed it, and so I should have missed my friend, and Sylvia would have missed hers, and Mike would have missed his. As it is, here we all are. Behold the last remnant of my German sentimentality evaporates, but I am filled with a German desire for music. Let us come into the studio, *liebe kinde*, and have music and laughter. We cannot recapture this hour or prolong it. But it was good, oh, so good! I thank God for this hour."

Sylvia put her hand on her brother's arm, looking at him with just a shade of anxiety.

"Nothing wrong, Hermann?" she asked.

"Wrong? There is nothing wrong unless it is wrong to be happy. But we have to go forward: my only quarrel with life is that. I would stop it now if I could, so that time should not run on, and we should stay just as we are. Ah, what does the future hold? I am glad I do not know."

Sylvia laughed.

"The immediate future holds singing and light refreshments, apparently," she said. "It also holds a great deal of work for you and me, if it is to hold Leipzig and Frankfurt and Munich. Oh, Hermann, what glorious days!"

They walked together into the studio, and as they entered Hermann looked back over her into the dim garden. Then he pulled down the blind with a rattle.

"Move on there!" said the policeman," he remarked. "And so they moved on."

The news about the murder of the Austrian Grand Duke, which, for that moment at dinner, had caused Hermann to peer with apprehension into the veil of the future, was taken quietly enough by the public in general in England. It was a nasty incident, no doubt, and the murder

having been committed by Servians, the pundits of the Press gave themselves an opportunity for subsequently saying that they were right, by conjecturing that Austria might insist on a strict inquiry into the circumstances, and the due punishment of not only the actual culprits but of those also who perhaps were privy to the plot. After three days there was but little uneasiness; the Stock Exchanges of the European capitals—those highly sensitive barometers of coming storm—were but slightly affected for the moment, and within a week had steadied themselves again. From Austria there came no sign of any unreasonable demand which might lead to trouble with Servia, and so with Slavonic feeling generally, and by degrees that threatening of storm, that sudden lightning on the horizon passed out of the mind of the public. There had been that one flash, no more, and even that had not been answered by any growl of thunder; the storm did not at once move up, and the heavens above were still clear and sunny by day and starry-kirtled at night. But here and there were those who, like Hermann on the first announcement of the catastrophe, scented trouble, and Michael, going to see Aunt Barbara one afternoon early in the second week of July, found that she was one of them.

"I distrust it all, my dear," she said to him. "I am full of uneasiness. And what makes me more uneasy is that they are taking it so quietly at the Austrian Embassy and at the German. I dined at one Embassy last night and at the other only a few nights ago, and I can't get anybody—not even the most indiscreet of the Secretaries—to say a word about it."

"But perhaps there isn't a word to be said," suggested Michael.

"I can't believe that. Austria cannot possibly let an incident of that sort pass. There is mischief brewing. If she was merely intending to insist—as she has every right to do—on an inquiry being held that should satisfy reasonable demands for justice, she would have insisted on that long ago. But a fortnight has passed now, and still she makes no sign. I feel sure that something is being arranged. Deat me, I quite forgot; Tony asked me not to talk about it. But it doesn't matter with you."

"But what do you mean by something being arranged?" asked Michael.

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"Hermann came and sat down between the two on the sofa"—p. 822.

Drawn by
Stoney Davis.

She looked round as if to assure herself that she and Michael were alone.

"I mean this: that Austria is being persuaded to make some outrageous demands, some demand that no independent country could possibly grant."

"But who is persuading her?" asked Michael.

"My dear, you—like all the rest of England—are fast asleep. Who but Germany, and that dangerous monomaniac who rules Germany? She has long been wanting war, and she has only been delaying the dawning of *Der Tag*, till all her preparations were complete, and she was ready to hurl her armies, and her fleet too, east and west and north. Mark my words! She is about ready now, and I believe she is going to take advantage of her opportunity."

She leaned forward in her chair.

"It is such an opportunity as has never occurred before," she said, "and in a hundred years none so fit may occur again. Here are we—England—on the brink of civil war with Ireland and the Home

Rulers; our hands are tied, or, rather, are occupied with our own troubles. Anyhow, Germany thinks so: that I know for a fact among so much that is only conjecture. And perhaps she is right. Who knows whether she may not be right, and that if she forces on war whether we shall range ourselves with our allies?"

Michael laughed.

"But aren't you piling up a European conflagration rather in a hurry, Aunt Barbara?" he asked.

"There will be hurry enough for us, for France and Russia and perhaps England, but not for Germany. She is never in a hurry: she waits till she is ready."

A servant brought in tea and Lady Barbara waited till he had left the room again.

"It is as simple as an addition sum," she said, "if you grant the first step, that Austria is going to make some outrageous demand of Serbia. What follows? Serbia refuses that demand, and Austria begins mobilisation in order to enforce it. Serbia appeals to Russia, invokes the bond of

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blood, and Russia remonstrates with Austria. Her representations will be of no use: you may stake all you have on that; and eventually, since she will be unable to draw back she, too, will begin in her slow, cumbrous manner, hampered by those immense distances and her imperfect railway system, to mobilise also. Then will Germany, already quite prepared, show her hand. She will demand that Russia shall cease mobilisation, and again will Russia refuse. That will set the military machinery of France going. All the time the governments of Europe will be working for peace—all, that is, except one, which is situated at Berlin."

Michael felt inclined to laugh at this rapid and disastrous sequence of ominous forebodings; it was so completely characteristic of Aunt Barbara to take the most violent possible view of the situation which no doubt had its dangers. And what Michael felt was felt by the enormous majority of English people.

"Dear Aunt Barbara, you do get on quick," he said.

"It will happen quickly," she said. "There is that little cloud in the east like a man's hand to-day, and rather like that mailed fist which our sweet peaceful friend in Germany is so fond of talking about. But it will spread over the sky, I tell you, like some tropical storm. France is unready, Russia is unready; only Germany and her marionette, Austria, the strings of which she pulls, are ready."

"Go on prophesying," said Michael.

"I wish I could. Ever since that Serajevo murder I have thought of nothing else day and night. But how events will develop then I can't imagine. What will England do? Who knows? I only know what Germany thinks she will do, and that is, stand aside because she can't stir with this Irish mill-stone round her neck. If Germany thought otherwise, she is perfectly capable of sending a dozen submarines over to our naval manoeuvres and torpedoing our battleships right and left."

Michael laughed outright at this.

"While a fleet of Zeppelins hovers over London, and drops bombs on the War Office and the Admiralty," he suggested.

But Aunt Barbara was not in the least diverted by this.

"And if England stands aside," she said, "*Der Tag* will only dawn a little later, when Germany has settled with France and

Russia. We shall live to see *Der Tag*, Michael, unless we are run over by motor-buses, and pray God we shall see it soon, for the sooner the better. Your adorable Falbes, now, Sylvia and Hermann—what do they think of it?"

"Hermann was certainly rather—rather upset when he read of the Serajevo murders," he said. "But he pins his faith on the German Emperor, whom he alluded to as a fire-engine which would put out any conflagration."

Aunt Barbara rose in violent incredulity. "Pish and bosh!" she remarked. "If he had alluded to him as an incendiary bomb, there would have been more sense in his simile."

"Anyhow, he and Sylvia are planning a musical tour in Germany in the autumn," said Michael.

"It's a long, long way to Tipperary," remarked Aunt Barbara enigmatically.

"Why Tipperary?" asked Michael.

"Oh, it's just a song I heard at a music-hall the other night. There's a jolly catchy tune to it, which has rung in my head ever since. That's the sort of music I like, something you can carry away with you. And your music, Michael?"

"Rather in abeyance. There are—other things to think about."

Aunt Barbara got up.

"Ah, tell me more about them," she said. "I want to get this nightmare out of my head. Sylvia, now, Sylvia is a good cure for the nightmare. Is she kind as she is fair, Michael?"

Michael was silent for a moment. Then he turned a quiet, radiant face to her.

"I can't talk about it," he said. "I can't get accustomed to the wonder of it."

"That will do. That's a completely satisfactory account. But go on."

Michael laughed.

"How can I?" he asked. "There's no end and no beginning. I can't 'go on' as you order me about a thing like that. There is Sylvia; there is me."

"I must be content with that, then," she said, smiling.

"We are," said Michael.

Lady Barbara waited a moment without speaking.

"And your mother?" she asked.

He shook his head.

"She still refuses to see me," he said. "She still thinks it was I who made the plot to take her away and shut her up."

MICHAEL

She is often angry with me, poor darling, but—but you see it isn't she who is angry: it's just her malady."

"Yes, my dear," said Lady Barbara. "I am so glad you see it like that."

"How else could I see it? It was my real mother whom I began to know last Christmas, and whom I was with in town for the three months that followed. That's how I think of her: I can't think of her as anything else."

"And how is she otherwise?"

Again he shook his head.

"She is wretched, though they say that all she feels is dim and veiled, that we mustn't think of her as actually unhappy. Sometimes there are good days, when she takes a certain pleasure in her walks and in looking after a little plot of ground where she gardens. And, thank God, that sudden outburst when she tried to kill me seems to have entirely passed from her mind. They don't think she remembers it at all. But then the good days are rare, and are growing rarer, and often now she sits doing nothing at all but crying."

Aunt Barbara laid her hand on him.

"Oh, my dear," she said.

Michael paused for a moment, his brown eyes shining.

"If only she could come back just for a little to what she was in January," he said. "She was happier then, I think, than she ever was before. I can't help wondering if anyhow I could have prolonged those days, by giving myself up to her more completely."

"My dear, you needn't wonder about that," said Aunt Barbara. "Sir James told me that it was your love and nothing else at all that gave her those days."

Michael's lips quivered.

"I can't tell you what they were to me," he said, "for she and I found each other then, and we both felt we had missed each other so much and so long. She was happy then, and I, too. And now everything has been taken from her, and still, in spite of that, my cup is full to overflowing."

"That's how she would have it, Michael," said Barbara.

"Yes, I know that. I remind myself of that."

Again he paused.

"They don't think she will live very long," he said. "She is getting physically much weaker. But during this last week or two she has been less unhappy, they

think. They say some new change may come any time; it may be only the great change—I mean her death; but it is possible before that that her mind will clear again. Sir James told me that occasionally happened, like—like a ray of sunlight after a stormy day. It would be good if that happened. I would give almost anything to feel that she and I were together again, as we were."

Barbara, childless, felt something of motherhood. Michael's simplicity and his sincerity were already known to her, but she had never yet known the strength of him. You could lean on Michael. In his quiet, undemonstrative way he supported you completely, as a son should; there was no possibility of insecurity . . .

"God bless you, my dear," she said.

CHAPTER XIII

THE RISING STORM

ONE close thundery morning about a week later, Michael was sitting at his piano in his shirt-sleeves, busy practising. He was aware that at the other end of the room the telephone was calling for him, but it seemed to be of far greater importance at the minute to finish the last page of the Bach fugues, than to attend to what anybody else might have to say to him. Then it suddenly flashed across him that it might be Sylvia who wanted to speak to him, or that there might be news about his mother, and his fingers leaped from the piano in the middle of a bar, and he ran and slid across the parquet floor.

But it was neither of these, and compared to them it was a case of "only" Hermann who wanted to see him. But Hermann, it appeared, wanted to see him urgently, and if he was in (which he was) would be with him in ten minutes.

But the Bach thread was broken, and Michael, as it was not worth while trying to mend it for the sake of these few minutes, sat down by the open window, and idly took up the morning paper, which as yet he had not opened, since he had hurried over breakfast in order to get to his piano. The music announcements on the outside page first detained him, and seeing that the concert by the Falbes, which was to take place in five or six days, was advertised, he wondered vaguely whether it was about that that Hermann wanted to see him, and, if so,

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why he could not have said whatever he had to say on the telephone, instead of cutting things short with the curt statement that he wished to see him urgently, and would come round at once. Then remembering that Francis had been playing cricket for the Guards yesterday, he turned briskly over to the last page of sporting news, and found that his cousin had distinguished himself by making no runs at all, but by missing two expensive catches in the deep field. From there, after a slight inspection of a couple of advertisement columns, he worked back to the middle leaf, where were leaders and the news of nations and the movements of kings. All this last week he had scanned such items with a growing sense of amusement in the recollection of Hermann's disquiet over the Serajevo murders, and Aunt Barbara's more detailed and vivid prognostications of coming danger, for nothing more had happened, and he supposed—vaguely only, since the affair had begun to fade from his mind—that Austria had made inquiries, and that since she was satisfied there was no public pronouncement to be made.

The hot breeze from the window made the paper a little unmanageable for a moment, but presently he got it satisfactorily folded, and a big black headline met his eye. A half-column below it contained the demands which Austria had made in the Note addressed to the Servian Government. A glance was sufficient to show that they were framed in the most truculent and threatening manner possible to imagine. They were not the reasonable proposals that one State had a perfect right to make to another on the question of a murder in which the subjects of that other State were involved; they were a piece of arbitrary dictation, a threat levelled against a dependant and an inferior.

Michael had read them through twice with a growing sense of uneasiness at the thought of how Lady Barbara's first anticipations had been fulfilled, when Hermann came in. He pointed to the paper Michael held.

"Ah, you have seen it," he said. "Perhaps you can guess what I wanted to see you about."

"Connected with the Austrian Note?" asked Michael.

"Yes."

"I have not the vaguest idea."

Hermann sat down on the arm of his chair.

"Mike, I'm going back to Germany to-day," he said. "Now do you understand? I'm German!"

"You mean that Germany is at the back of this?"

"It is obvious, isn't it? Those demands couldn't have been made without the consent of Austria's ally. And they won't be granted. Servia will appeal to Russia. And . . . and then God knows what may happen. In the event of that happening, I must be in my Fatherland ready to serve, if necessary."

"You mean you think it possible you will go to war with Russia?" asked Michael.

"Yes, I think it possible, and, if I am right, if there is that possibility, I can't be away from my country."

"But the Emperor, the fire-engine who you said would quench any conflagration?"

"He is away yachting. He went off after the visit of the British fleet to Kiel. Who knows whether, before he gets back, things may have gone too far? Can't you see that I must go? Wouldn't you go if you were me? Suppose you were in Germany now, wouldn't you hurry home?"

Michael was silent, and Hermann spoke again:

"And if there is trouble with Russia, France, I take it, is bound to join her. And if France joins her, what will England do?"

The great shadow of the approaching storm fell over Michael, even as outside the sultry stillness of the morning grew darker.

"Ah, you think that?" asked Michael.

Hermann put his hand on Michael's shoulder.

"Mike, you're the best friend I have," he said, "and soon, please God, you are going to marry the girl who is everything else in the world to me. You two make up my world really—you two and my mother, anyhow. No other individual counts, or is in the same class. You know that, I expect. But there is one other thing, and that's my nationality. It counts first. Nothing, nobody, not even Sylvia or my mother or you can stand between me and that. I expect you know that also, for you saw, nearly a year ago, what Germany is to me. Perhaps I may be quite wrong about it all—about the gravity, I mean, of the situation, and perhaps in a few days' time I may come racing home again. Yes, I said 'home,' didn't I? Well, that shows you

MICHAEL

just how I am torn in two. But I can't help going."

Hermann's hand remained on his shoulder gently patting it. To Michael the world, life, the whole spirit of things had suddenly grown sinister, of the quality of nightmare. It was true that all the ground of this ominous depression which had darkened round him was conjectural and speculative, that diplomacy, backed by the horror of war which surely all civilised nations and responsible governments must share, had, so far from saying its last, not yet said its first word; that the wits of all the Cabinets of Europe were at this moment only just beginning to stir themselves so as to secure a peaceful solution; but, in spite of this, the darkness and the nightmare grew in intensity. But as to Hermann's determination to go to Germany, which made this so terribly real, since it was beginning to enter into practical everyday life, he had neither means nor indeed desire to combat it. He saw perfectly clearly that Hermann must go.

"I don't want to dissuade you," he said, "not only because it would be useless, but because I am with you. You couldn't do otherwise, Hermann."

"I don't see that I could. Sylvia agrees too."

A terrible conjecture flashed through Michael's mind.

"And she?" he asked.

"She can't leave my mother, of course," said Hermann, "and, after all, I may be on a wild goose chase. But I can't risk being unable to get to Germany, if—the worst happens."

The ghost of a smile played round his mouth for a moment.

"And I'm not sure that she could leave you, Mike," he added.

Somehow this, though it gave Michael a moment of intensest relief to know that Sylvia remained, made the shadow grow deeper, accentuated the lines of the storm which had begun to spread over the sky. He began to see, no longer as mere nightmare, but as stern and possible realities, something of the unutterable woe, the divisions, the heart-breaks which menaced.

"Hermann, what do you think will happen?" he said. "It is incredible, unfaceable—"

The gentle patting on his shoulder, that suddenly and poignantly reminded him of

when Sylvia's hand was there, ceased for a moment, and then was resumed.

"Mike, old boy," said Hermann, "we've got to face the unfaceable, and believe that the incredible is possible. I may be all wrong about it, and, as I say, in a few days' time I may come racing back. But, on the other hand, this may be our last talk together, for I go off this afternoon. So let's face it."

He paused a moment.

"It may be that before long I shall be fighting for my Fatherland," he said. "And if there is to be fighting, it may be that Germany will before long be fighting England. There I shall be on one side, and, since naturally you will go back into the Guards, you will be fighting on the other. I shall be doing my best to kill Englishmen, whom I love, and they will be doing their best to kill me and those of my blood. There's the horror of it, and it's that we must face. If we met in a bayonet charge, Mike, I should have to do my best to run you through, and yet I shouldn't love you one bit the less, and you must know that. Or, if you ran me through, I should have to die loving you just the same as before, and hoping you would live happy for ever and ever, as the story-books say, with Sylvia."

"Hermann, don't go," said Michael suddenly.

"Mike, you didn't mean that," he said.

Michael looked at him for a moment in silence.

"No, it is unsaid," he replied.

Hermann looked round as the clock on the chimney-piece chimed.

"I must be going," he said. "I needn't say anything to you about Sylvia, because all I could say is in your heart already. Well, we've met in this jolly world, Mike, and we've been great friends. Neither you nor I could find a greater friend than we've been to each other. I bless God for this last year. It's been the happiest in my life. Now what else is there? Your music: don't ever be lazy about your music. It's worth while taking all the pains you can about it. Do you remember the evening when I first tried your Variations? . . . Let me play the last one now. I want something jubilant. Let's see, how does it go?"

He held his hands, those long, slim-fingered hands, poised for a moment above

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the keys, then plunged into the glorious riot of the full chords and scales, till the room rang with it. The last chord he held for a moment, and then sprang up.

"Ah, that's good," he said. "And now I'm going to say good-bye, and go without looking round."

"But might I see you off this afternoon?" asked Michael.

"No, please don't. Station partings are

fussy and disagreeable. I want to say good-bye to you here in your quiet room, just as I shall say good-bye to Sylvia at home. Ah, Mike, yes, both hands and smiling. May God give us other meetings and talks and companionship and years of love, my best of friends. Good-bye."

Then, as he had said, he walked to the door without looking round, and next moment it had closed behind him.

[TO BE CONTINUED]



Under
the Trees.

Photo:
F. Mason Good.

A MINISTER'S PIGEON-HOLES

A Chapter of Reminiscences

By A WEST COUNTRY VICAR

BLESSINGS upon the head of the man who first invented pigeon-holes! He was a public benefactor. He did a bigger thing than he knew, and well deserves a high pedestal in the Temple of Fame. And in saying this I do not write from the viewpoint of the official politician who regards pigeon-holes as a convenient receptacle for the practical interment of petitions and other troublesome documents, salves his conscience by professing to think of these buried communications as simply "filed for future reference," and rejoices greatly that he can thus lose sight of them without absolutely destroying them.

But I am thinking of them as a place where the minister of to-day bottles up at least samples of his daily experience in the way of correspondence. Like the proverbial English weather, the minister's life is variable and "streaky"—storm and sunshine are strangely mixed, and indications of this can be readily discerned by looking through his pigeon-holes.

Saved from the Waste-paper Basket

Naturally, under normal circumstances, the great bulk of one's correspondence finds its way, within a few hours after its receipt, into the waste-paper basket. The questions have been answered, the engagement has been noted, the greetings or congratulations have been acknowledged, the appointment has been kept, and there is no purpose to be served by storing up the letters. On the other hand, there are some communications which, for various reasons, it is deemed fitting to preserve, for a time at any rate, and these are duly deposited in certain pigeon-holes where they may be easily found when required. It frequently happens—in my case, and I should imagine the same thing applies to others—that a considerable period elapses before these are overhauled at all thoroughly, and hence, in course of time, they contain an accumulation of correspondence and of notes of a highly diversified

character. I speak from experience when I say that an examination of these receptacles, after the lapse of a year or two, will prove an interesting and instructive proceeding.

During a period of convalescence recently I spent some hours in looking through some of the stores of papers that had thus gathered, and time after time my mind was carried back to long-forgotten incidents of a more or less painful or pleasant character, and as I waded through these reminders of events that had passed from my memory, I felt humbled or encouraged, cheered or chastened, according to the nature of the letter.

Grateful Letters

For instance, I discovered a few epistles—would that it were my happy lot to receive a multitude like them!—breathing expressions of intense gratitude to God for light and deliverance given. I remember the writer well—an attractive, stylish girl, who, because of her musical abilities, had been asked to officiate as organist at a Convention at which I happened to be one of the speakers. Up to this time she had had no higher ambition than to please her large circle of friends, and to make the best of this life, with never a serious thought about anything beyond—just an ordinary, bright, well-disposed girl of the better class. I had been led to speak of the joys of the wholly surrendered life, and at the close of the evening meeting I found her waiting, with an evident desire to have some conversation with me. She was bewildered, and not a little anxious, and, without hesitation, expressed her frank incredulity that the Master either wanted her or could do anything with her if she yielded her life to Him. Little by little, however, she was led to realise that even her musical gifts might be an offering that He could and would use if she herself were consecrated, and that night she placed herself and her future unreservedly in His hands. Since then, notwithstanding many

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a hard conflict with the habits of a lifetime, and many a temptation from her so-called friends to forsake the new life upon which she had entered, she held fast to the Lord, and was soon engaged in happy Christian effort for others.

Ah, well! Such letters are full of cheer at all times. Thank God for them. Let me put them back again—a little bit of sunshine that I can turn to when things look hopeless and life seems altogether a failure. Bottle them up once more for use in days to come. They will come to me again some day, I doubt not—as they have done this time—as a message of cheer from the loving heart of the great Father of us all.

From the Pen of the Critics

What are these? Something of a totally different character certainly. I am fairly accustomed to having my theological position criticised and assailed; but here is someone who attacks and challenges it in the most unqualified manner. It appears that some remarks of mine as to the priesthood of all believers had roused his indignation and wrath, and, with more force than politeness, he pointed out to me that I was simply a disgrace to my profession! If I did not believe in the powers of the priesthood as vested wholly and solely in the ordained ministry of the Church I had no right to call myself a Churchman, etc. etc. The correspondence closed—so far as his letters were concerned—with a demand that I should be prepared to receive him and act as his father-confessor! I suppose my reply—of which I did not keep a copy—was not very encouraging, and did not seem to promise a very happy time for him if he came to me with that in view—at any rate, he never came, and I heard no more from him.

Another correspondent, who had never learned the lesson not to meddle with what did not concern him, wrote me the letters I find next, on the occasion of one of my visits to America. I can only presume that they were meant to be sarcastic, for he tells me, in so many words, that he was under the impression that I was paid to minister to my own congregation and not for trying to teach Americans their duty! I do not know that I ever set myself such a formidable task! However, as I discovered that the writer lived several miles away from

our church, and never on any pretext whatever darkened its doors, I failed to see any ground for criticism, so far as he was concerned, and I am afraid that I treated his communications with but scant courtesy. Still, I bottled up his letters in order that I might be reminded from time to time how closely and constantly our actions are watched and discussed by others.

Another little batch unfolded a sad, sad story of an earnest Christian worker grievously wronged by one from whom she might reasonably have expected nothing but sympathy and encouragement and help. Gradually she was driven from her moorings, lost all faith, all hope, all joy, gave up her work for Christ in sheer disgust, and was driven into a state bordering on absolute desperation and weariness of life. Thank God, the light dawned again for her, and later epistles tell of happiness restored and work resumed, but it had wellnigh been a case of hopeless shipwreck. Such letters as I had from her meant both tears and smiles—both sorrow and joy—both clouds and sunshine. Bottle them up once more; some day they will serve to cheer me again when dealing with some case as sad and as apparently hopeless.

Precious Sunshine

Sunshine again! Letters these that are becoming increasingly precious as the years roll by—letters written to me by my own children, some of them being the first epistles that ever came from their pen or pencil. One or two of these were written many years ago by our eldest boy, who has lately been called to higher Service, and has beheld the Face of the Master whom he had learned, during his brief life, to love so well. Need I say that these are unspeakably dear?

Enough. No need to speak of others, of all kinds. I have simply mentioned a number taken at random from my pigeon-holes, and as I replace them I inwardly register a note of praise for all the sunshine—yes, and for all the dark clouds these letters represent, and determine that if ever I become despondent and feel that life and work are a dismal failure, I shall turn again to these depositories in the confident expectation of finding something there that, reminding me of the past, will help to scatter the clouds and bring back the sunshine into heart and life.

THE HEART OF THE NEW TEACHER

By

G. A. DENNEN

"WE must make an example of this boy, Miss Seward, for the sake of the other pupils," said the superintendent to the youngest teacher.

"Yes, sir," answered the youngest teacher, looking at him with big, blue, awestruck eyes.

He glanced into their depths one moment and seemed to lose himself in a pure, cool lake, where little shadows came and went with the shifting of her thoughts. He pulled himself up with a start, but was absurdly conscious of a sense of coolness and refreshment which seemed to relieve the unbearable heat of this mid-July morning.

"You agree with me, Mrs. Rice?" he inquired brusquely, to cover some confusion.

"Certainly, sir," said Mrs. Rice, the principal. When in all her well-ordered years of teaching had she ever disagreed with those who represented authority and the system? Unquestioning obedience to superiors was the road by which she had arrived at the principalship of the largest school of the district. At her time of life she was not likely to depart from the broad, smooth highway that led upward to promotion.

"Then," said the superintendent, "it is understood that when school convenes this afternoon, Miss Seward will retain her pupils a few moments and Patrick Sheehan will be publicly expelled before them all. You will be there, of course, Mrs. Rice? I will come back and speak to the children myself. In the meantime I will make complaint and try to have the boy sent to the reform school."

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Rice in tones of quiet respect.

"You understand, Miss Seward, just what I want done? Patrick has been a nuisance for a long time. This is his third offence of the kind, and this time he has gone too far."

He asked the question, not because he doubted her understanding, but because he felt an overpowering desire to hear her speak.

"Oh, yes, sir, I understand," said the youngest teacher demurely, with a little echo of Mrs. Rice's wonderment. Again she raised her eyes to his, and in them he read boundless awe and respect. For the youngest teacher was very young and this was her first term of teaching, and the sleek black head of the superintendent was not as the head of a mere man at all, but was surrounded by an almost visible halo of authority. The chance words that issued from his lips were law of that supreme and incorruptible type which forms the statutes and the civil code.

For some reason the superintendent suppressed a sigh as he rose to open the door for the two. The heat, he reflected again, was unbearable. His eyes followed the slender figure of the youngest teacher. The principal's look followed his. She nodded her head.

"She is quite the most promising material the Normal school sent us this year," she said in lower tones. "She is intelligent and obedient, and has a fine grasp of the system. I expect something rather unusual from her."

They both stood for a moment looking after the youngest teacher. She had crossed the hall now and was mounting the broad stairs, worn into uneven bumps and hollows by the tread of little feet. Her slender figure was outlined rather clearly against a window on the landing. The superintendent noted her demure dress of grey-blue linen, stiffly laundered. He saw the immaculate white collar and cuffs which enclosed her delicate throat and wrists. His eye rested on the sunny hair, strained back into a decorous knot from which only a wandering curl or two had dared to escape. From head to

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a hard conflict with the habits of a lifetime, and many a temptation from her so-called friends to forsake the new life upon which she had entered, she held fast to the Lord, and was soon engaged in happy Christian effort for others.

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Another correspondent, who had never learned the lesson not to meddle with what did not concern him, wrote me the letters I find next, on the occasion of one of my visits to America. I can only presume that they were meant to be sarcastic, for he tells me, in so many words, that he was under the impression that I was paid to minister to my own congregation and not for trying to teach Americans their duty! I do not know that I ever set myself such a formidable task! However, as I discovered that the writer lived several miles away from

our church, and never on any pretext whatever darkened its doors, I failed to see any ground for criticism, so far as he was concerned, and I am afraid that I treated his communications with but scant courtesy. Still, I bottled up his letters in order that I might be reminded from time to time how closely and constantly our actions are watched and discussed by others.

Another little batch unfolded a sad, sad story of an earnest Christian worker grievously wronged by one from whom she might reasonably have expected nothing but sympathy and encouragement and help. Gradually she was driven from her moorings, lost all faith, all hope, all joy, gave up her work for Christ in sheer disgust, and was driven into a state bordering on absolute desperation and weariness of life. Thank God, the light dawned again for her, and later epistles tell of happiness restored and work resumed, but it had wellnigh been a case of hopeless shipwreck. Such letters as I had from her meant both tears and smiles—both sorrow and joy—both clouds and sunshine. Bottle them up once more; some day they will serve to cheer me again when dealing with some case as sad and as apparently hopeless.

Precious Sunshine

Sunshine again! Letters these that are becoming increasingly precious as the years roll by—letters written to me by my own children, some of them being the first epistles that ever came from their pen or pencil. One or two of these were written many years ago by our eldest boy, who has lately been called to higher Service, and has beheld the Face of the Master whom he had learned, during his brief life, to love so well. Need I say that these are unspeakably dear?

Enough. No need to speak of others, of all kinds. I have simply mentioned a number taken at random from my pigeon-holes, and as I replace them I inwardly register a note of praise for all the sunshine—yes, and for all the dark clouds these letters represent, and determine that if ever I become despondent and feel that life and work are a dismal failure, I shall turn again to these depositories in the confident expectation of finding something there that, reminding me of the past, will help to scatter the clouds and bring back the sunshine into heart and life.

THE HEART OF THE NEW TEACHER

By

G. A. DENNEN

"WE must make an example of this boy, Miss Seward, for the sake of the other pupils," said the superintendent to the youngest teacher.

"Yes, sir," answered the youngest teacher, looking at him with big, blue, awestruck eyes.

He glanced into their depths one moment and seemed to lose himself in a pure, cool lake, where little shadows came and went with the shifting of her thoughts. He pulled himself up with a start, but was absurdly conscious of a sense of coolness and refreshment which seemed to relieve the unbearable heat of this mid-July morning.

"You agree with me, Mrs. Rice?" he inquired brusquely, to cover some confusion.

"Certainly, sir," said Mrs. Rice, the principal. When in all her well-ordered years of teaching had she ever disagreed with those who represented authority and the system? Unquestioning obedience to superiors was the road by which she had arrived at the principalship of the largest school of the district. At her time of life she was not likely to depart from the broad, smooth highway that led upward to promotion.

"Then," said the superintendent, "it is understood that when school convenes this afternoon, Miss Seward will retain her pupils a few moments and Patrick Sheehan will be publicly expelled before them all. You will be there, of course, Mrs. Rice? I will come back and speak to the children myself. In the meantime I will make complaint and try to have the boy sent to the reform school."

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Rice in tones of quiet respect.

"You understand, Miss Seward, just what I want done? Patrick has been a nuisance for a long time. This is his third offence of the kind, and this time he has gone too far."

He asked the question, not because he doubted her understanding, but because he felt an overpowering desire to hear her speak.

"Oh, yes, sir, I understand," said the youngest teacher demurely, with a little echo of Mrs. Rice's wonderment. Again she raised her eyes to his, and in them he read boundless awe and respect. For the youngest teacher was very young and this was her first term of teaching, and the sleek black head of the superintendent was not as the head of a mere man at all, but was surrounded by an almost visible halo of authority. The chance words that issued from his lips were law of that supreme and incorruptible type which forms the statutes and the civil code.

For some reason the superintendent suppressed a sigh as he rose to open the door for the two. The heat, he reflected again, was unbearable. His eyes followed the slender figure of the youngest teacher. The principal's look followed his. She nodded her head.

"She is quite the most promising material the Normal school sent us this year," she said in lower tones. "She is intelligent and obedient, and has a fine grasp of the system. I expect something rather unusual from her."

They both stood for a moment looking after the youngest teacher. She had crossed the hall now and was mounting the broad stairs, worn into uneven bumps and hollows by the tread of little feet. Her slender figure was outlined rather clearly against a window on the landing. The superintendent noted her demure dress of grey-blue linen, stiffly laundered. He saw the immaculate white collar and cuffs which enclosed her delicate throat and wrists. His eye rested on the sunny hair, strained back into a decorous knot from which only a wandering curl or two had dared to escape. From head to

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foot she was irreproachable, the perfect product of the great system.

As she mounted the stairs, the superintendent seemed to see how the rounded curves of her face and figure would grow some day angular and determined. The rebellious sunshine of her hair would lose its lustre and lie smoothly subdued against the fair young head. The softly curving red lips would draw into a firm line, and the sweet, shy, wondering look of those blue eyes would change to the steady, assured regard of the perfect teacher. It was all quite as it should be—and yet again he sighed.

"It is very warra indeed," he said irrelevantly.

The youngest teacher heard the sound of his voice and glanced down. Finding their eyes upon her, she guessed that they had been speaking of her. Her heart beat quickly at the thought of even passing mention in high places, her cheeks flushed, her eyelids drooped in a sweet, shamed sort of way. Then she turned the corner of the stair and passed from their sight.

The youngest teacher crossed the upper hall and entered her own room. Fifteen minutes of the noon hour were gone and she must eat her lunch. She thought gratefully of the big orange tucked away in her lunch box, and smiled to remember, nestling beside it, a little box of toffee, made in secret over the gas jet the evening before. When she smiled, her mouth dimpled at the corners like a child's. She was disgracefully fond of sweets. It was a weakness she quite meant to conquer some time. Perhaps when she got her first promotion.

She went over to her cloak-room where she had left her lunch. The door was locked. She paused a moment with her hand on the knob, and the laughter died out of her face. Within that room was Patrick Sheehan, the boy who, at two o'clock, when the other children came back from their homes, was to be publicly expelled.

She turned the door knob and listened. For the better part of half an hour before she went downstairs the little room had echoed to the blows of Patrick's feet and fists and the hoarse cries of his unavailing rage. Patrick had been the one keen disappointment of an otherwise happy term. Most of the other children were her devoted slaves, but Patrick's nature, warped and

embittered by some cause she could not understand, was proof against all her blandishments. His outbursts of temper, his sullen defiance, and the frequent punishments they necessitated, had brought down the average of her room alarmingly, and although she felt that no real blame was attached to her, yet she had grown very nervous over the repeated disturbances. Her determination to bring him safely through to the end of the year had given way gradually, and this morning's performance had seen the end of her patience. During the recess period he had knocked down one of the younger boys and taken his knife, a new one with wonderful blades and a tiny saw and file, a recent birthday gift. The boys had flocked to the youngest teacher in a body, demanding justice. The tussle with Patrick that had followed before her recapture of the knife had been a humiliating experience. She had been forced to call help to get him safely locked into the cloak-room and—she pulled back her linen cuff and looked at the angry mark of a set of firm young teeth in her delicate flesh. She had not mentioned this to the superintendent. Some instinct had warned her to keep silence.

Her face was grave and rather suspicious as she softly unlocked the door and entered the room. She felt that the silence was ominous. The half light confused her for a moment, then she caught sight of a little figure huddled together on the bench and she started forward with a quick impulse of fear. But the boy's even breathing as she bent over him reassured her. He was heavily asleep. His body was sprawled uncouthly across the bench in an attitude of exhaustion. His face was red with the heat of the closed room, but there was a pinched look about his half-open mouth as if the storm of emotions that had shaken him that last hour had tried his puny body beyond its powers of endurance. To the youngest teacher he seemed unexpectedly a pitiful little figure, and she knelt down beside him and looked earnestly into his face. His head had slipped to one side at an uncomfortable angle, his hair was matted and wet with the heat, his face was dirty and stained. She bent over him more closely. Yes, there were the unmistakable marks of tears upon his grimy cheeks.

She lifted his relaxed body into a more

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comfortable position. The movement roused him somewhat, he half opened his eyes and looked up into the face above him.

"Mother," he murmured.

Now the youngest teacher knew by the record on her book that Patrick's mother was dead. Patrick's father, in one of his few sober moments, had told Mrs. Rice that the boy had idolised her. The youngest teacher's eyes felt a sudden mist.

"If he were my little boy and I were the mother who is dead," she thought, "I would want to be pretty near him just now—when we are sending him out of the school."

She looked about her with eyes still misty, for something to put under his head. She saw her lunch box hanging on the nail, but passed it by with a glance. She was not hungry now. Her coat hung on the next nail and she took it down, folded it and slipped it gently beneath his shock of tumbled hair. Suddenly she buried her face against his shoulder.

"Oh, poor little mother!" she cried. "I hope you don't know about this."

Something fell from the boy's relaxed fingers on to the rug beside her. She stooped and picked up an odd-looking object made of wood, string, bits of lead and leather. She straightened it out upon the rug and looked at it closely. It was a rough but complicated arrangement of weights and pulleys, carved out of the wood, pounded out of the lead, and fastened together by bits of twine. The youngest teacher sat down beside it, and her eyes held a far-away reminiscent, tender look. She was seeing in fancy a little boy, white and thin, sitting in a wheel chair and working at toys like this. Between spasms of pain from his poor, twisted back, his thin fingers would reach eagerly for the bits of lead and twine. That little boy had been her brother, and she knew what those weights and pulleys had meant to him.

She looked at Patrick again, dirty, unkempt, sullen, and unlovely, and she seemed to understand him in an altogether new way. Of course, that was why he balked at spelling and grammar. Of course, that was why he wanted the other boy's knife. His fingers had fairly ached to use the keen blades, the tiny saw, the delicate file. What dreams of beautiful, intricate lines and grooves possessed his brain for the few

rapturous moments that he held that knife in his hands! What an agony of loss and defeat when it was taken from his possession.

There was a sudden noise of feet in the yard outside, and the calling of shrill childish voices. Then, while the youngest teacher, sick and white, sank to her knees beside him, Patrick awoke.

He saw her there and his vague look grew sullen. Then he, too, heard the noises outside and his sharp little face became anxious.

"What yer goin' ter do ter me?" he demanded.

The youngest teacher was breathing fast as if she had been running. "When all the children are back, then the principal and the superintendent are going to come and we are going to expel you publicly before them all. And then——"

He shrank back from her; loneliness and terror seemed to stare at her out of his pinched face. He looked up into her eyes. What he saw there she did not know, but suddenly he clung to her with a little strangled cry.

"Miss Seward," called a voice outside. It was the principal, Mrs. Rice. Bells were ringing, the music had begun for the children to march in, her place was with them. She rose and lifted Patrick to his feet.

"Come," she said, taking his dirty little hand tightly in hers. Then she opened the door of the cloak-room and confronted the principal. A terrible feeling was taking possession of her. In all her life she had never known such a thing, but she felt that she was about to protest against the decision of those in authority. She was convinced that to expel Patrick would be a fatal mistake, and she knew that she was going to tell them so—she, the youngest teacher, whose only hope of promotion lay in unquestioning obedience to orders.

"I thought you would be busy with him," said Mrs. Rice, "so I asked Miss Hastings to look out for your line. Has he given you any more trouble?"

"No," said the youngest teacher.

"Well, you'll soon be rid of him. I suppose you'll draw a long sigh of relief then?"

"Mrs. Rice," said the youngest teacher in a very small voice.

Mrs. Rice turned back from the door. "What is the matter? Are you ill?" she asked.

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"No. It's the boy. We mustn't expel him! It would be a dreadful mistake."

"What do you mean?" demanded Mrs. Rice in astonishment. She feared that the excitement had upset the youngest teacher's nerves.

"We mustn't expel him. It's all wrong!" repeated the youngest teacher, breathing fast.

Of course, she had begun badly, she wasn't used to questioning authority. "Hysterical," thought Mrs. Rice, and laid a soothing hand on her arm.

"There, my dear, this has been a hard experience for you, but it will all be over in a few minutes. Here come your children, and that is the superintendent's voice in the hall. Get them into place quickly, please. I don't want them to lose their music time."

The youngest teacher gasped. She was crazy, of course. It was a brain storm, or whatever was wrong with people when they did all sorts of unaccountable things. But the children were filing down the hall, and in another moment it would be too late.

"Stop them!" she cried. "Don't let them come in! Patrick isn't going to be expelled; we are going to give him another chance! I can't have it this way."

Mrs. Rice's lips set in a firm, thin line. "You can't have it!" she exclaimed. "You have nothing to do with it any longer. It is in higher hands than yours now."

"I know," cried the youngest teacher, stammering in her excitement, "b-but if I hadn't been s-so hasty—if I had waited and understood the boy better, as I seem to understand him now——"

"I certainly hope, Miss Seward," said the principal, "that you are going to control yourself and not make a scene. The boy's case has been heard and judged without prejudice. Yours was not the first complaint against him. We have received our orders. The whole foundation of this school and others like it rests upon discipline. There is nothing," she paused a moment and then repeated firmly, "nothing that can justify us in disobeying orders."

The high loyalty, the fine adherence to duty of twenty years spoke in those words. Their weight seemed to rest upon the heart of the youngest teacher with heavy conviction. All the lines and precepts of her

careful training had been of this sort. All her hopes and aspirations were built on just such loyalty and sense of duty. Never had she dreamed of finding herself in opposition to it, and yet—she knelt down beside Patrick and drew him into the shelter of her arms, looking up into the principal's face.

The children were now at the door. The principal stepped out into the hall, pulling the door to after her.

"I would like to speak to you a moment," she said to the superintendent who was on the point of entering. "It's Miss Seward. She seems to have a most extraordinary seizure—'gone bad,' as they say of the British soldiers in India. I suppose it's the heat and the strain of her first term."

"What is wrong with her?" demanded the superintendent quickly.

"She declares that she won't let the boy be expelled. She is highly excited. I am afraid of a scene before the children."

"Wait here with them a moment. I will speak with her."

He entered the door and closed it behind him. The youngest teacher was still kneeling on the floor with her arms about Patrick. The light falling on her through the window dazzled him for a moment. Her hair was loosened and fell about her face in soft, curling waves, her cheeks were crimson, her eyes big and dark with excitement. The beauty of her look made him catch his breath. Some overwhelming emotion seemed to have passed over her and left her wholly a woman. In the curve of her body, and her protecting arms which sheltered the frightened child, she seemed to express the divine instinct of motherhood—loving, forgiving, infinitely patient. A verse sprang into his mind as he looked at them:

If I were damned, both body and soul,
I know whose love would make me whole,
Mother o' mine.

Was that the kind of heart which dwelt in that childish, rounded form?

"Take the children directly to their music," he commanded the principal. "I am going to talk with her."

He closed the door and came back and stood above her. The youngest teacher shivered and closed her eyes. It was all over; he was going to tell her she must go. This was the end of years of dreams and hopes and the high joy with which she had begun her work. Then she heard his voice,



"'He is so little,' she said,
'... and his mother is dead.'"—p. 810.

*Drawn by
Eddiel Salmon.*

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and there was no rebuke in it, only a tender music which made the words seem like a caress.

"Tell me all about it," he said.

She raised her eyes. He was smiling down at her. Her heart gave a quick leap, then began to beat freely, gladly.

She felt her fear of him slip away from her once and for all time. She knew that he was going to understand.

"He is so little," she said, "so ragged and dirty, and his mother is dead. See——" she held out the clumsy arrangement of wheels and pulleys. "That is why Patrick wanted the knife."

"Patrick," said the superintendent.

The pinched face grew sharp with anxiety, but the youngest teacher smiled radiantly. She felt sure of what was coming.

"Patrick, would you like another chance?"

The boy shuffled his feet and gulped. Then he nodded vigorously, speech was beyond him.

"A chance to grow up into a fine boy and learn how to make real machinery like this?"

Again Patrick did not speak, but a light

came into his face that no one had ever seen there before.

"You are right," said the superintendent to the youngest teacher, "understanding is above discipline. Patrick shall have his chance—have it, my boy, because this lady believes in you and has made me believe in you. You are not going to disappoint us."

There were tears in Patrick's sullen eyes now, they began to roll down his cheeks, he sniffed audibly.

"Run along now and take ten minutes in the open air. Then come back and show us how you can work."

"You understood!" breathed the youngest teacher as the door closed on Patrick.

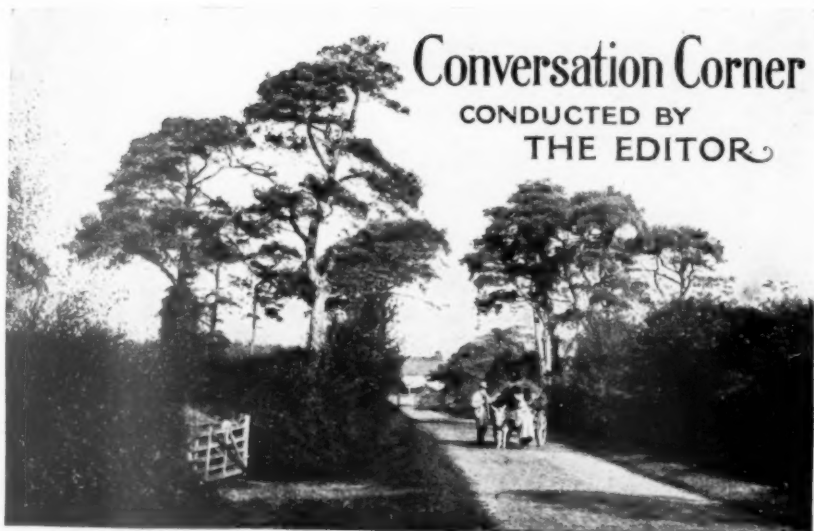
Impulsively she held out her hand to him. He took and held it close. They looked long at each other, the tall man and the little blue-eyed teacher, looked until the superintendent's dignity softened into the man's tenderness.

"Of course I understood," he whispered quickly. "And now there's something I want you to understand. May I come to you to-night and tell you what it is?"



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Conversation Corner

CONDUCTED BY
THE EDITOR

THE last of the "Derby groups" have been called up, and compulsion is being applied to the married men. From now onwards we shall have all too numerous cases of homes broken up and the "Englishman's castle" invaded, for perhaps no step in the war will bring the conflict home to middle-class England so sternly as the calling up of the married reserves. We can realise now what the thought of war means to the average Frenchman, or Swiss or German. Never again when we contemplate the possibility of war will it have any far-off or romantic suggestion: it will be a grimly personal matter for the head of the household, a literal matter of life and death for the citizens of all ranks.



Back to the Old Home

TO-DAY, translated into ordinary everyday terms, it means that young Mrs. John Smith is faced with the alternative of living alone in solitary state or of returning to the family home. John Smith—voluntarily or by compulsion—has had to join the colours; and the problem varies in different households according to the financial provision for the emergency and the resourcefulness of the young married woman. There is something pathetic in the spectacle of the married girl having to return once more to the old home. She cannot help reflecting on the romantic glamour and the visions that surrounded

her leave-taking. More practically, she cannot help feeling a measure of uncertainty about her position and prospects in the home of which she was once so assured a member. As a matter of fact, since her marriage she has grown; her individuality has developed; she has accommodated her nature and her habits to the requirements of her new partner, and it is not a little difficult to resume her old position in relation to her mother and the old home circle. The position is vastly complicated if there are children. We have heard a great deal about "equality of sacrifice" (as if war is not and was not always the most cruelly unequal of agents, killing one and fattening another) and about "single men first." Really, little seems to have been made of the difference between the woman with children and her married sister without. Much has been said about the nation's need of children, and we shall hear a great deal more when the war is over. But the State does very little or nothing to encourage or help the middle-class family. That, however, is a subject I may deal with some other time. The wife without children can, and in many cases will, find some work in office or factory, and, with the separation allowance, may be in a position of economic independence if not affluence. But the mother is tied by her children, and, with the best will in the world, it must of necessity lead to difficulties when mother and children are guests *en bloc* and indefinitely at grandmother's.

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Two Families in One House

THERE is another alternative to staying at home alone, and that is the co-operative plan. Many temporarily bereft wives will, doubtless, give up their houses and become boarders, or sub-tenants, or co-operators with others. This war is causing new departures all round, from women conductors to Daylight Saving, and there is no reason at all why the cruel necessities of the situation should not lead to some interesting experiments in the region domestic. Why should every man and wife, as a matter of course, have a house to themselves? Why should every wife and mother have to do her own cooking, her own house-keeping? The theory of co-operative house-keeping has been suggested before, it is true, and tried in a few isolated cases. But as regards middle-class Britain generally, we haven't even flirted with the idea! Co-operation, system, communal endeavour will be more and more the order of the day. The Government inspector and the recruiting officer have made great and repeated assaults on the sacred rights and isolation of the Englishman's home. Shall we learn specialisation and division of labour in homecraft, and co-operative housekeeping as a result of the war?

Some People we Forget

WHAT I have said about the call to the married will, doubtless, be anticipated on all sides long before these lines appear—for we go to press some way ahead. But I wonder if anyone will anticipate me by calling attention to some lesser-known cases of hardship? Now that there is such keen demand for women's work we are apt to think that any woman can, temporarily at any rate, command her job and her price. But take the case of the lonely aspirant employed in the fine arts, etc. If you have any pity to spare after consoling Mrs. John Smith, think of the poor little struggling artist hawking her sketches round an unkind world. The girl-beginner in any of the professions is the first to be hit by war, bad trade, economic disturbance. The magazine editor and publisher spend many anxious hours in times like these trying to make ends meet, but the first person to suffer is the little-known artist or author, the struggling music teacher, the elderly companion. Ah, me! What tales could be told of the war as it touches some of our most respectable streets! True, there is a Prince of Wales's Fund, and I believe that a trickle of that vast accumulation of wealth is finding its way to some of our poor

"educated" classes. But, whoever is buying cheap jewellery and gramophones, or pleasure-riding in motors just now, you may be sure that these people have no need of the exhortation to economy. War inspires artists, but it does not keep them. Of course, they can get other work, but a B.A. cannot become a bus-conductor, nor an artist drive a motor.

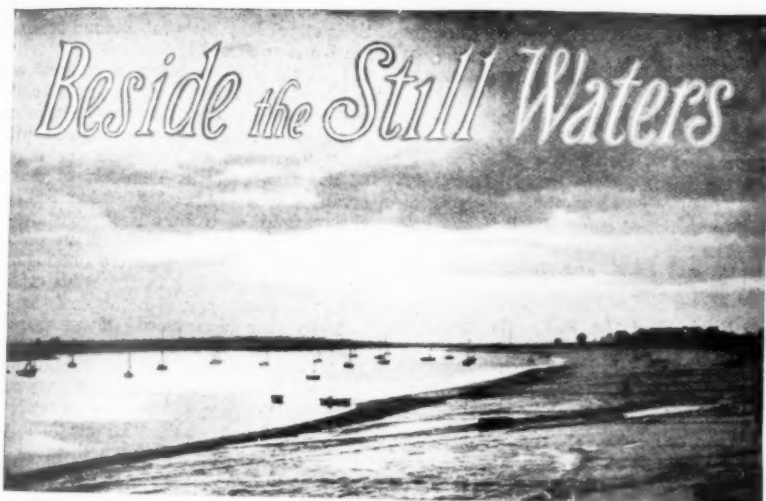
Men who are not Wanted

WE can understand the plight of the frail woman not fitted for manual work, but it is a little difficult to believe that just now there are men who are "not wanted." The fit, surely, are in the Army, the unfit replacing their stronger brothers. Yet here is a graduate of the University writing to the papers complaining that whereas his landlady's daughter has now found a job at thirty shillings a week, he cannot get one at half that sum. The other day I heard of a singular case. A highly-gifted chemist prior to the war spent years in research work in Germany, specialising in dyes. Returning to England for a fortnight's holiday in the fateful July, 1914, he was suddenly cut off by the war from his papers and belongings in Germany, and found himself stranded in this country. The proper thing to say would be that he is now doing invaluable work in connection with the newly-created dye industry in this country, and earning a salary of some thousands a year. Alas! he has at last found a meagre livelihood, and earns the munificent sum of ——. But, there, I must not give away secrets: the Censor might interfere.

Thankful, after all!

MY little talk has, perhaps, turned out not so cheerful as it should be. Some cases are sad, and it is inevitable that such vital dislocation such as we have witnessed should produce individual hardship. But do we always remember how amazingly prosperous we are on the whole, despite the long protracted war, despite rising prices, despite conscription? That, after all, is the great fact. Looking at the situation clearly and soberly, we ought to be wonderfully thankful to God for the safety and comfort we still enjoy; perhaps—who knows?—we shall soon have cause for even greater thanksgiving. We will work on, hope on, and keep cheerful.

The Editor



The Call of To-day

*It is easy to dream of the mighty deed
We shall do in the years to come ;
We shall scan with care the great world's
need,
And then, if we must, we will gladly bleed,
That wrong may be righted ! But, brother,
say,
Have you spoken a helpful word to-day ?*

*It is easy to tell how our sad hearts burn
When we think of the great world's woe ;
And we sigh as we say we would gladly turn
From fortune and fame ; all joys we would
spurn
To die for the helpless ! But, brother, say,
Have you aided the needy who sought you
to-day ?*

*It is easy to speak of the far-away
With zest and a swelling heart ;
But oh ! when a call comes to act to-day
Toward a fellow man in a tender way,
How we falter and fail ! O brother, say,
Will you fruitlessly dream, and despise to-
day ?*

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.



A Bit of Her Birthday

*AN invalid sister of mine is compelled to
spend much time away from home
for change of climate or medical attend-
ance. Often her home-sickness is so great
as almost to counterbalance the benefits
obtained by the change, and while absent
from home she practically "lives on her
mail."*

Understanding this, not only her immediate family but also her loving neighbours and friends snatch many a moment from other pleasures or duties that she may have a cheery letter or some other pleasant reminder of home and friends.

One day in early spring as the invalid was feeling particularly depressed and her home-sickness had become almost unendurable, the postman brought her a box of hothouse flowers—her favourite yellow roses predominating—and with them was a cheery letter from a dear, sunny neighbour living just across from her own little home which seemed so far away. "I send you a bit of my birthday," she wrote.

The thoughtfulness, the home news and the odour of the flowers she loved "came to her like a breath of Spring," so she told me months afterwards, and a train of pleasant memories was started which helped to beguile the tedium of many a lonely hour.

It seemed such a beautiful thing for this neighbour to do to send a sick friend a "bit of her birthday."

Life would mean infinitely more and this old world would be a far happier place if we would but teach our children from infancy, and if we ourselves might even yet learn to say more often of cherished possessions, "This is *mine* and *you* may have it," the *mine* being emphatic merely to show that we have the right to bestow and it is our privilege to share.—GAZELLE S. SHARP.

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IF, instead of a gem, or even a flower, we would cast the gift of a lovely thought into the heart of a friend, that would be giving as the angels must give.—GEORGE MACDONALD.



Restless Heart, don't Worry so

DEAR restless heart, be still! Don't fret and worry so;

God hath a thousand ways His love and help to show;

Just trust, and trust, and trust, until His will you know.

Dear restless heart, be still; for peace is God's own smile,

His love can every wrong and sorrow reconcile. Just love, and love, and love, and calmly wait awhile.

Dear restless heart, be brave! Don't moan and sorrow so;

He hath a meaning kind in the chill winds that blow;

Just hope, and hope, and hope, until you braver grow.

Dear restless heart, be still! Don't struggle to be free;

God's life is in your life: from Him you may not flee;

Just pray, and pray, and pray, till you have faith to see. EDITH WILLIS LINN.



Sympathy with the Suffering

CAN you sympathise with suffering? Not unless you have been there. A late accident has given me so many days and nights of pain that I have had time to reflect. Busy people have no time to think. It is only when we are laid upon our backs that we have leisure to look up.

Friends call and offer condolence. "I am very sorry, and hope you will soon be better." But their words are mockery; they do not go to the spot. How can the man of vigorous muscle have any idea of racking neuralgia? No minister, it has been said, can preach a funeral sermon until the angel of death has entered his own household. Once an invalid, your heart is open to the suffering; there is a point of contact. So to-night I am in a mood to call up the

sufferers of the ages, and properly appreciate their anguish. By what a cloud of witnesses am I encompassed!

I think of Job scraping himself with a potsherd, of Rachel weeping for her children, of Stephen sinking amid the stones of his enemies, of Peter dying on the cross with his head downward, of John beheaded in prison, of Socrates and the hemlock, of the noble army of martyrs, of Sir Walter Raleigh on the scaffold, of Robert Hall never free from pain, of Robertson of Brighton preaching as his own sands of life were running out, of Livingstone fainting in the wilds of Africa. What a muster-roll of heroic suffering!

Then the literature of sorrow. How much of the world's precious thought has been wrung from hearts throbbing with anguish, as the crushed balsam gives out the sweetest fragrance. It was in exile that Dante wrought out the "Divine Comedy," in Bedford Gaol that Bunyan dreamed "Pilgrim's Progress," in his blindness that Milton saw "Paradise Lost," it was in a desolate home that Young had his "Night Thoughts," in constant weakness that Baxter wrote his "Call," amid discouragement that Edwards wrote "Freedom of the Will," in partial darkness that Prescott and Parkman completed their historical works.

These examples are for our encouragement. There is a grace in every affliction, an angel in every sorrow. "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."—W. W. DAVIS.



TO dislike a duty is commonly a good reason why it should be undertaken. —THEODORE L. CUYLER.



NEVER bear more than one trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds—all they have ever had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.—EDWARD EVERETT HALE.



WHAT a power of joy there must be in God, to be able to keep so many larks so full of bliss.—GEORGE MACDONALD.



THE PLAGIARIST

A Clerical Story

By JESSIE MACKINTOSH

JOHN AUDLEY, curate of St. Peter's, Radney, sat at the kitchen table considering accounts. His wife, from the opposite side, often looked up from her mending to regard him with anxious eyes. It needs an apt mathematician to make an income of £95 a year supply the wants of a wife and three children, especially in a small but select parish, where most live above their incomes, and the curate, to keep his self-respect, must do the same.

The family needed a change, but a holiday was out of the question. His wife needed a new costume, but that, too, she must deny herself. Poverty of itself was not unbearable; there is more of comradeship and deeper, if fewer, joys at the dinner of herbs than at the luxurious table. But the continual strain of maintaining an appearance above their means, and of being the drudge of a dictatorial and self-satisfied vicar, was wearing them out.

The vicar had always had a private income, and been indifferent to the amount of his stipend. Ninety-five pounds was ample for a young curate. The fellow had little work to do (so said his lord). It was good for him to learn the value of money in readiness for the fat living which, the vicar prophesied, would soon be offered him—to Audley a mirage most distant and illusive.

The week after the Audley family had dismissed the idea of a holiday, the curate received an offer of the parish of Ainswell, in Dorset, with a good vicarage, a responsive people, and an income of £400 a year.

There were great rejoicings when John read the letter to the assembled family. The mother saw a vision of a "tailor-made," and felt the delicious tickling of a new feather boa. The children chorused in unison, and Audley himself very nearly turned a somersault.

The time for removal drew near, but the rows of packing-cases in backyard, hall, and kitchen could not convince the family that

the time for departure was at hand. The last Sunday morning, when the bell chimed for service, the children felt they must hear every Sunday of their lives that peculiar ding-dong bell.

The previous night the vicar had called on his curate.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you are indeed fortunate, and must feel exceedingly grateful to your uncle, the Dean of Hopton. So far, your career has been bright. In Radney you have been spared the strain that an extensive parish involves. You have lived among a lenient and charitable people. You have had bread enough and to spare. I only pray," said the divine, gesticulating with one plump hand and with the other fingering the gold cross on his watch-chain, "I only pray that you may escape the snare of conceit and worldly ambition. Cultivate the grace of meekness, that virtue so precious in the young, so venerable in the old."

Then he had gone, and they had watched him waddle down to his pony carriage, waiting at the gate.

With all the pride and zeal of his boyish nature, Audley realised that he hated the vicar.



On the last Sunday morning the curate preached a farewell sermon at a neighbouring church, while his wife and son attended the service at St. Peter's.

At dinner John said, "Had you a good service, Connie?"

"Much as usual. A better congregation than ordinary, but the music was the best part to me. Everyone, especially the De Laceys, seemed delighted with the sermon, and pressed round the dear vicar to tell him so. John, I detest that man. Though I'm a Christian woman, try as I may, I can't like him."

"Neither can I. But hush—the children are coming."

THE QUIVER

"That's right, my dears; clean hands and faces. Donald, ask a blessing."

When the knives and forks were working merrily John said:

"Well, my boy, were you good in church?"

"Fixed me eyes on the man in the pulpit all the time, and never once kicked the hassock. Did I, mother?"

"No, dear," replied Constance, who was busy removing the pudding cloth.

"What was the text, Donald?"

"The tegzt? Oh—er—er—it was about some pigs, an' one was cooked for a man's dinner. An' the man had a big ring on, an' as he was comin' runnin' he fell on a stone and nearly tumbled, only he fell on his father's neck instead. I remember it fine. You can't say I wasn't good in church."

"The Prodigal Son, Connie?" asked the curate.

"Yes, but quite differently treated from the usual. Everyone remarked at the originality of the rendering. I thought he divided it into too many headings, and there were only two illustrations. I like a good many."

"What were his points?"

She enumerated them—firstly, secondly, thirdly, fourthly—

"Oh, an' father," broke in Donald, who, seeing the excitement on his father's face, became excited too, "an' he told about a rich man an' his son, an' they lived where elephants and camels were, an' the little boy went on a ship called the *Fish*."

"Don't interrupt, dear," said Constance. "And the fifth point (John, are you listening?) was the life as a swincherd—"

"Oh, an' father," said the irrepressible one, "he talked about a man with a long white beard, whose little boy stole things."

"Did he, Donald? Well, we must leave the table. Put your spoon and fork together—nicely. Connie, may I speak to you a moment?"

She followed him into his study and closed the door.

Taking a book from his pocket, Audley opened it at the bookmark.

"Read that, Connie," he said.

She looked at the title of the work: "Sermons," by Dr. Blank.

When she had finished a certain chapter she regarded her husband wonderingly. Then they both laughed.

"You understand my suspicions now, don't you, Con?"

"Ah, yes; I understand his eloquence now," she said. "The old hypocrite. Where did you get this, Jack?"

"At a secondhand bookstall. A month ago I went up to his place with subscriptions, and saw it on the shelf. I asked him to lend it me."

"What book did you ask for?" he said.

"Dr. Blank's Sermons."

"He fiddled a good deal with his papers, blew his nose, and coughed. Then he said, 'Excuse me, it's these winds. Dr. Blank's Sermons'?" Ah, sorry, my boy; promised them yesterday to Dean Jones. Don't you know Dean Jones? You don't cultivate wise acquaintances, my boy."

"Ah! I see," laughed Constance.

The children wondered what could be keeping their mother so long in the study. Donald, with boldness, peeped in. Someone was laughing—such a gurgling little laugh, like that girl's who sold flags for wounded soldiers; and father was hugging mother quite like the man whose little boy fell on his neck. Then the child, longing for his part in the embrace, ran in.

"Father's 'fluency's better now," he said.

So the afternoon passed pleasantly till service time.



"Such a grand sermon we had this morning!" said the De Laceys, as their feathers nodded greetings from the brougham on their way to evening service.

"Why, I heard Canon Insley at All Saints," said Mr. Smythe-Jones, "but his treatment of the subject was nothing—nothing to our dear vicar's. Miranda, are you sure you brought the collection?"

"Shall we attend service to-night, Joan?" asked Miss Witherton junior. "The sermon this morning was so fine; this service will be sure to come as an anticlimax."

"Sure to, dear; but it is the poor young curate's last sermon, and he has been laid up with influenza. It would only be kind to go."

Evidently this thought was in the minds of most of the congregation of St. Peter's, for by the time the last bell had ceased the place was full.

"How pale he looks!" said Miss Lister, to whose mind curates were always pale,

THE PLAGIARIST

fair-haired, and hollow-chested. "He's going to fall into consumption, like our last curate."

"How his eyes shine!" said her neighbour. "That's a sure sign of tubercular tendencies."

"Nervous, don't you think?" said Mrs. St. John, cocking her pince-nez.

"Be quiet, children," said Mrs. Audley. "Don't you see the vicar looking at you?"

"Isn't his head shiny, mother?" said Donald. "Does he polish it, like door knobs?"

Then the service commenced. The congregation rose; a waft of scent floated from pillar to pillar. Well-bred voices admitted their owners to be miserable sinners, who at the same time wondered as to the success of the De Lacey dance next Tuesday, or speculated as to the price of a neighbour's new hat. Thus they droned through the prayers, suppressing their yawns until the sermon.

"Dear friends," said the preacher, when the coughing and rustling usual before the sermon had ceased, "I am in an awkward position. As you know, I have been laid up with a bad cold, and have been unable to attend to my duties. Had it not been my last Sunday here, I would have found a substitute. But after three years' service among you, I felt constrained to regard my own longings to be here rather than the enjoyment of my congregation."

"As I am useless at impromptu address, I will read you a sermon by one of the most eminent of modern divines, Dr. Blank, trusting to your charity to forgive my unpreparedness."

Then, with great fervour, he read a sermon on the Prodigal Son.

As he reached thirdly, fourthly, fifthly, the De Lacey feathers began to nod wireless messages. Mr. Tepley, the grocer, stopped revolving a peppermint on his tongue to admit a sudden thought, a light of comprehension.

Donald Audley writhed under a burden of questions not to be answered till after church. Mrs. St. John polished her pince-nez and readjusted them.

"What a pity he had influenza!" whispered Miss Lister.

Bonnets nodded, ladies coughed, somebody sneezed, a little boy dropped his collection, a door banged; but nobody noticed; everyone was intent on the vicar's face. Only the curate's wife, erect, serene, looked straight before her.

"And the white-haired, white-bearded seer," read the young man, "after years of trouble, distress, and despair, received the wanderer that stormy night, fed him, clothed him, loved him as of old. Finally, brethren," his voice rose to the climax, "shall not the Father receive unto Himself each one of us, each Prodigal Son, into the Home above for evermore? May it be so. Amen."

And the vicar perspired his way home to the vicarage.



The Rev. John Audley, B.A., B.D., is happily settled in Dorset, but in Radney the talk has not yet died that began with the quiver of the De Lacey feathers that Sunday night. The newsboys still grin, and the women point with significant thumbs at the passing divine.

The vicar is still hoping and praying for another parish, as fervently as he hoped and prayed that Audley might avoid the snare of conceit and worldliness. Visitors at the vicarage remark that several well-worn volumes have vanished from his shelves; and the congregation, now negotiating with the ecclesiastical powers for another vicar, notice a marked decline in the eloquence of their spiritual guide.

John Audley has many books, but none has a more prominent place or is more highly valued than a volume of sermons by Dr. Blank, for to saint and sinner alike vengeance is sweet.





The HOME DEPARTMENT

THE LARDER AND SOME SALADS

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

OF all months in the year July is, I think, the most trying for the housewife.

Even in normal times July is the month when one feels slackest and in urgent need of rest and change, when the heat of mid-day seems to draw out one's last little bit of strength and energy, and the mere thought of a meal produces a nausea against food of any and every description. The strain brought about by existing circumstances tends, alas! rather to increase than diminish these inconveniences, and those brave women who are helping their country and striving to maintain the customary standard of home comfort at one and the same time will need all their resources of brain and body to enable them to carry on their good works. Now in order to make what it is hoped will prove helpful suggestions it is necessary to probe the very roots of the trouble, and every housewife will agree that one of the "bed-rock" trials of housekeeping at this time of the year is the difficulty of keeping food in a wholesome condition. In many modern small houses, and, indeed, in houses large enough and of sufficiently high rental for the architect to have known better, the larder is but a makeshift apology for what it is intended to be. Not only is the accommodation totally inadequate for the requirements of the household, but the apartment provided for the storage of food is often placed in the worst possible part of the establishment,

The Larder

In how many houses is the larder exposed to the hottest rays of the summer

sun, or, if shielded from these, does it not frequently happen that the storage room is in close proximity to the kitchen range, and is thus kept at a temperature quite fatal to keeping meat, fish, or milk in a wholesome condition for more than a few hours.

These are indeed serious but not at all uncommon faults, and means must be taken to counteract them as soon as possible.

Utilising a Cellar

Many houses possess a small cellar, which is generally used as a store-room for packing cases and other lumber. Two or three years ago a friend of mine, driven nearly crazy by the totally inadequate larder accommodation, converted such a cellar into an ideal larder, which is so deliciously cool that even in the hottest weather foods of all kinds remain in perfectly good condition. The cellar was just the ordinary narrow excavation with rough brick walls running the length of the hall passage leading from the front door to the kitchen at the back of the house, and with a flight of wooden steps leading down into the underground room. When all the boxes and other rubbish had been removed a workman was called in to insert two large ventilators, one at either end, to admit light and enable a constant current of fresh air to pass through the cellar. After a thorough cleaning the walls were given two coats of whitewash with which some disinfectant was mixed, and this is renewed every spring. A long narrow deal table was taken into the cellar, and some long strong nails were driven into the overhead rafters,

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96 out of 100 Dyspeptics have ACID STOMACHS

If you are troubled with acidity and food fermentation you do not get proper nourishment from your food.

The acid condition must be corrected if good health is to be maintained.

Neutralise the acid-forming elements in your daily food, prevent food fermentation, and preserve your good digestion and general health by using the one efficient but harmless antacid,

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Acid stomachs are dangerous to the general health, and if you wish to keep well you must prevent the contents of the stomach from becoming acid and ensure their remaining perfectly sweet and bland. Scientific tests show that in 96 times out of 100, where people are dosing and drugging themselves for indigestion, dyspepsia, etc., the stomach itself is perfectly healthy and normal, the pain and discomfort arising solely from the acidity and food fermentation. This condition is unnatural and therefore dangerous. You must correct the acid-forming tendency in the food you eat, or it will turn the food acid in the stomach and cause it to ferment before it is digested; thus robbing your body of proper nourishment. Good health could not possibly be maintained for any length of time under such conditions.



Until recently, physicians have always recommended a diet, but to be effective this must be so limited that the average person

finds it impracticable. The pleasantest, most efficient, and most natural way to correct the acid-forming elements in the food, neutralise the acidity, and prevent food fermentation, is to take Bisurated Magnesia, the great food corrective.

All that you need to do is to take half a teaspoonful in a quarter-glass of warm or cold water—or two or three Bisurated Magnesia tablets—after each meal and at bedtime. It will correct all fermentation and quickly neutralise the acid-forming tendency of the most indigestible foods. You will be able to enjoy the heartiest meal without fear of the slightest inconvenience. The Bisurated Magnesia will keep the food sweet and wholesome until it has properly digested and assimilated, and ensure your deriving full nourishment from everything you eat.



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THE LARDER AND SOME SALADS

from which game, uncooked joints (in muslin cases), dried fish, etc., could be suspended. Several large wire covers to protect cooked meats from flies were also provided. Every week, on kitchen cleaning days, the table, steps, wire and muslin covers are washed, so that any gravy, milk, fruit juice, etc., that have been spilt may not decompose and infect the food with poisonous microbes. Thus, with a very little trouble and expense, a splendid larder was quickly made out of the almost forgotten cellar. But all houses are, unfortunately, not so well constructed, and in many of the small, most modern type there is no cellar at all. When this is the case other means must be taken to circumvent the powers of the foes who have it in their power to destroy and corrupt.

To Keep the Larder Fresh and Cool

A sheet of fine wire gauze pinned over the window opening will allow the window to stand open day and night, and if a piece of loosely woven cotton, kept wet with water to which a little not too pungent disinfectant has been added, is hung over the gauze, the larder will be purified and cooled at the same time. It is a good plan to cover the shelves of the larder with newspaper so that a few drops of any spilt liquid can be instantly torn away, a quicker and more efficacious method of getting rid of the trouble than having to bring a scrubbing brush and pail. Milk should be kept as near the floor as possible, where the air is coolest. A slate slab raised off the floor by a couple of bricks makes a capital milk shelf, and squares of butter-muslin, wrung out in cold water, should be kept over the jugs or basins. Milk, soups, etc., keep better in wide shallow basins than in the narrow deep jugs so often used. Jellies, blancmanges, and other "shapes" should also be stood as low down as possible during the day time, but they may be placed close to the window at night. Some housewives stand the moulds in cold water for an hour or so before turning out the shapes.

An excellent butter-cooler can be made out of a large flower-pot. The butter should be put on a raised saucer or plate stood in a dish (a shallow enamel bowl is excellent for the purpose) containing a little water, and the flower-pot, one of the common red kind, placed over. A square of butter-muslin, large enough for the ends to rest in the water,

is draped over the flower-pot. The water (which must be renewed daily) is soaked up by the butter-muslin, and the evaporation caused by the heat of the atmosphere keeps the butter as firm and cold as if it were packed with ice.

It is well to remember, when the larder is small, that certain foods must not be placed in close proximity. For instance, fruit and milk do not agree, the acidity of the fruit often causes the milk to curdle. Both butter and milk absorb flavours, such as those given off from cheese, onions, etc.

Absolute and scrupulous cleanliness is the only possible way to ensure the keeping of foods, and as one particle of decomposed food will speedily infect others, it is very necessary not only to make a daily inspection of the larder, but also to ascertain that any fresh food placed in it is perfectly sound and wholesome.

Salads

And now, with the vagaries of our climate and the fractiousness of July appetites, what can the housewife provide to tempt and satisfy the needs of her family?

The soul of the average man and woman—and with children it is even worse—turns with loathing from any kind of "done-up" or "made" dishes in hot weather. A plain roast or boiled joint without the winter accompaniments of Yorkshire pudding, dumplings, and baked potatoes, but served instead with a lightly dressed salad or a green vegetable, can, however, be tolerated. Then comes the difficulty of disposing of the cooked cold meat, a problem that our capricious climate sometimes solves by sandwiching a cold snap in between two hot spells.

There are few of us who do not look favourably on a cold joint provided it is accompanied by a well-made salad, more especially when the salad is constantly varied, both as regards its ingredients and dressing. But as the salad, not the cold meat, is of primary importance both care and ingenuity must be exercised in the preparation of the dish. Our Continental cousins, who study and understand the art of making a salad to perfection, say that we British spoil our salads by using too many ingredients. After spending many delightful holidays in various Continental centres, I have come to

THE QUIVER

the conclusion that our cousins are absolutely correct. In addition to the fact that the one or two vegetable salad is much nicer than the heterogeneous collection generally served in this country, the simple dish is, of course, much more economical, and also admits of more variety. Naturally, when one mixes lettuce, beetroot, endive, tomatoes, radishes, cucumber, cresses, etc., all together, the salads cannot vary much in construction from day to day.

But if you adopt the foreign method of using but one or two ingredients and making a study of different kinds of dressing suitable to the component parts, and the meat, fish, or hard-boiled eggs, which are to form the more substantial part of the meal, you will find that a variety of new menus can be provided at a small cost.

Here are some suggestions :

Lettuces, etc.

Lettuce (as served in France and Switzerland) cold and crisp, with a simple dressing of oil and vinegar. Lettuce, with a cream dressing (recipe given later in this article), to be eaten with cold fish or hard-boiled eggs. Tomatoes, cut in slices and tossed in oil and vinegar, or the same fruit with the addition of a small quantity of chopped onions or parsley. Slices of beetroot, with vinegar and pepper, or with a sprinkling of grated horseradish or spring onions.

Endive, with cream or French dressing. Watercress makes a delicious salad tossed first in oil and afterwards in vinegar. The leaves contain valuable salts, which are extremely beneficial to the system during hot weather.

Several kinds of potato salads can be made with potatoes that have been left over from a previous meal. The flavour can be varied by the addition of chopped parsley, onions, celery salt, plain or French dressings. I recently tasted a delicious salad dressed with vinegar in which a sprig of mint had been steeped.

Vegetable Left-overs

Vegetable left-overs, in the form of peas, French beans, cauliflower, carrots, etc., can all be served as "salad"; in fact, the term salad is far more elastic than the majority of English people believe.

The subject is well worth consideration,

for apart from the salads that are served as accompaniments to more substantial viands there are the salads in which meat, fish, game, poultry, hard-boiled eggs, etc., actually form a part, and this is a most successful way of getting rid, both palatably and economically, of those small pieces which will accumulate in the best-managed larders.

Salad Dressings

When a salad is to be served with what is known as a simple dressing, i.e. one composed of oil and vinegar, the former ingredient must be thoroughly absorbed before the latter is added. The lettuce leaves, crisp and dry, are placed in the salad bowl, and from two to three tablespoonfuls of good salad oil poured a little at a time over them. The leaves must be tossed about with two forks until the surfaces are covered with the oil and none remains at the bottom of the bowl. A much smaller proportion of vinegar is then sprinkled over the leaves, and the salad is then ready for immediate consumption.

By French dressing, one usually means oil, vinegar, mustard, sugar, pepper and salt. The oil is applied as already explained, and the other ingredients are thoroughly mixed together before they are poured over the salad.

A more elaborate dressing, which is practically a thin mayonnaise sauce, suitable for a fish salad, is made as follows :

Take a wide-bottomed basin, place in it the yolk of a raw egg, a little salt, pepper, castor sugar, and mixed mustard. Stir well with a wooden spoon. Add drop by drop enough salad oil to make a stiff paste. Moisten with a little vinegar. Continue the oil and vinegar processes until you have a small teacupful of the sauce.

Cream Dressing

For each person allow 2 tablespoonfuls of cream. Put the cream into a small basin and whip gently until it thickens. Add very gradually $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, the same quantity of grated horseradish, a small teaspoonful of fine sugar, and season with cayenne pepper and salt. Mix very carefully, then whip the mixture again until it is of the consistency of thick mayonnaise.

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METHOD: Carefully measure 1 1/2 pints of milk.

Empty the Powder from one packet into a basin, and with three tablespoonfuls out of the milk make into a smooth paste. Boil the rest of the milk with 2 1/2 ozs., or 15 lumps of sugar. When it is boiling up thoroughly pour all at once into the basin and stir well.

Be sure the milk is really boiling or the cream will not thicken. When cold fill into small glasses or turn out into a dish. Sprinkle the surface with "Hundreds and Thousands" (obtainable at any Confectioner's). The effect is very pretty and a delight to the children.



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into the
corners,
polishing
as it goes

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Diseases. Its penetrative power makes it the best application
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Sold by Chemists, gd., 1/3, etc. ADVICE GRATIS from
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NATIONAL REFUGES

are in 100 British Regiments and
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must wear "healthy" Corsets, and the "Natural Ease"
Corset is the most healthy of all. Every wearer says so.
While moulding the figure to the most delicate lines of
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The Natural
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7/11 pair

Postage abroad extra.

Complete with
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Stocked in
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SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST.

No bones or steels to drag, hurt, or break.

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Made of strong, durable drill of finest quality,
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nothing to rust or tarnish.

Wear the "NATURAL EASE"
Corset and free yourself from In-
digestion, Constipation, and scores
of other ailments so distressful to
Women.

These Corsets are specially recommended for ladies who
enjoy cycling, tennis, dancing, golf, etc., as there is
nothing to hurt or break. Singers, Actresses, and Invalids
will find wonderful assistance, as they enable them to
breathe with perfect freedom. All women, especially
housewives, and those employed in occupations demanding
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The League of Young British Citizens

Motto :

"For God and the Empire : By Love Serving
One Another "

Object :

The cultivation personally, and the extension in
all possible ways, of the highest ideals of Citizen-
ship, and of love and service for our Empire

The Corner,
July, 1916

MY DEAR CHUMS,—As I write this letter there are coming in to me the earliest of your comments on the news given in our May Corner. I am happy at finding old friends among the quickest to respond to the request I made. For instance, DORA DEWHIRST, who only a day or two before had sent a long letter and a gift for our Fund, wrote a little note directly she received the May magazine: "THE QUIVER has just come," she said, "and I want to be the first in the new League if I can. The ideals are lovely. I am not too old for the League, am I?" Dora originally joined our Companionship in 1909 and has been a constant helper ever since. She had her wish, for hers was the very first letter I opened containing a L.Y.B.C. coupon. Other old friends within the first score of members of the new League were ELsie HUGHES, MADGE WILLIAMS, NELLIE JONES, EDITH PENN, AGNES GENTLES, IDA M. JONES, ISABEL DOBSON, MARJORIE HEARD, ROBERT WALKER, CATHIE GARDNER, MAUD ARMSTRONG, MARIAN HARDY, and KITTY WILLERS.

Welcoming the League of Young British Citizens

Altogether I am having much happiness in the welcome that is being given to our new League. Of course, I enjoy most of all the kind greetings which you, my Com-

panions, are giving to it, and really I shall be much disappointed if a large majority of the many whose names were entered on my old register are not very soon among those in the new one.

Then very kind and cheering messages are reaching me from others. Some of them are for me privately; others I am going to pass on to our whole circle by printing them in our Corner. That there is a place and work for our League I am more than ever convinced, and I trust each member will feel the obligation of Companionship—that success in the fulfilment of its ideals and objects *depends on him or her*.

I thought it would perhaps help you, my boy and girl friends, to realise that our League of Young British Citizens is *something to be taken seriously, something that is really to count in our own lives as members, and through them in the life of our Nation and Empire*, if we had associated with it a few of those who are now leaders in the thought and life of that Nation and Empire. I have, therefore, been telling a few men and women who are among the leaders to-day about our League. They were invited, if they approved of it, to become our helpers under the title of "Patrons." We are going to be very proud of these Patron friends. Each one of them represents some great cause; each has done and is doing some great work for the world. And each one will become to each of us "more real" than before. Per-

THE QUIVER

haps one or another will have been "only a name" to some of our Companions. But the fact that he or she is associated with our work too, will make them want to know more of the work that Patron of ours is doing. And that will mean knowledge and growth, and probably fresh life inspiration too. And we shall want our work together to be always up to the high standard they are setting for us.

Then some of those who are becoming our Patrons are sending you messages. They are messages which will be a stimulus—they will help you to realise that EACH of you boys and girls is in charge of a great trust—nothing less than the soul and honour of our Nation and Empire. And these men and women, who have been working for and treasuring that soul and honour, are looking to you, who are to be their successors, to make yourselves every way better and fitter even than they have been for guardianship of the future.

You will see how this thought runs through the very first of these messages that reached me—I will pass them on to you exactly in the order that they came to me. It is from Dr. R. F. Horton, of Hampstead, one of the great leaders of the Free Churches of England, as many of you know, and a keen lover of boys and girls. He was "very pleased" with our plans, and at once consented to help us as I asked.

Here is his message for you—written from his home in Hampstead:

"I am going to give you a message which I hope you will think over until you are grown up, and then look back upon it and ask if it was not true.

"You are going to make the future for our country and for the world, and one thing you have to do is to carry into the future the resolution that there never shall be a war like this again.

"You know we quickly forget, but I beg you never to forget. We say now there shall be no war like this again, but when you are grown up such a war may come again, unless you have made up your minds once for all. Do learn to-day the horror, the cruelty, the insanity of war, and remember that if nations prepare for it, it is sure to come; and unless they determine that it shall not be and that they will not prepare for it, no power on earth can prevent it. You have, then, to make a world in which the nations will not

prepare for war, but will have peace and will live together as friends. Make up your mind about it, and grow up with this purpose in your hearts.

"If you will do this, all you, the young people of this Empire, you will not be sorry that you lived in this time of trouble and anguish. You will find that this has been a school in which you have learnt the great lesson for the future.

"We who are getting on in years, and feel how little we have done for the world, long for our children that they may do something better and greater. All we can ask you to do is to be better than we have been, to do something greater than we have done. We cannot see the progress of nations unless we look back and look forward a long way; for things move slowly and our lives are brief. But I will quote you these words and ask you to learn them:

"Though we are beaten in the fray,
The fight with sin and sorrow,
Yet where the vanguard fights to-day,
The rearguard camps to-morrow."

"ROBERT F. HORTON."

The fact of the matter is that we want all the same kinds of courage, of splendid devotion and self sacrifice that have been shown by our brave boys and brave women in this war to be given by you, as you grow up, for the national service—national service not in war, but in ways of peace. There will be quite as much room and necessity for it as there has been for the devoted self surrender of our soldiers and nurses and others now. Indeed, there will be a far larger need. And each of you can help to meet that need. Our League is, as it were, to help in mobilising the army of growing-up citizens. We will talk more of that later.

The second message for you has come from Bishop Welldon. My older Companions know, of course, but the younger ones may not know, that Dr. Welldon was the popular Head of Harrow School before he became the busy Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India. Bishop Welldon wrote that it was a pleasure to become a Patron of the League of Young British Citizens, and this is the message he has sent for you:

"The Deanery,
"Manchester.

"May I send my hearty greetings to all members of the League of Young British Citizens? I wish them joy in being young."



When there's no time to make a good pudding —

*remember that Bird's Custard is made to
perfection in one minute.*

Puddings made in a hurry generally
"look like it" and always taste like it! *But
there is never a look or a taste of "hurry"*
about Bird's Custard.

Try it with stewed, tinned, or bottled
fruit; Pineapple Chunks, or dried Apricots
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refreshing dish ready in no time.

Bird's

the *Perfect* Custard
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Sold in pkts, boxes and large tins.

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BUGS FLEAS MOTHS BEETLES

TINS—1st 3rd 6th 1/-

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FOR ALL PURPOSES
CHURCHES, HALLS,
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at manufacturers' prices

is being offered in a splendid range of
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much longer than cotton or mixture fabrics,
and retains its whiteness to the end.

BED LINEN.—Linen Sheets, hemmed, size 2 by 3 yards,
37/10; 2 by 2½ yards, 44/-; 2½ by 3 yards, 46/10; 2½ by
3½ yards, 54/7 per pair.

TABLE LINEN.—Table Cloths, size 2 by 2 yards, 8/-,
11/6, 13/6; 2 by 2½ yards, 10/-, 14/10, 17/6; 2 by 3 yards,
12/-, 17/6, 20/6; 2½ by 3 yards, 26/-, 28/6, 30/8 each.

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sheer linen corded hemstitched Hand-
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hem. Per dozen, 4/11

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cuttings of linens sent post free.*

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If the Warriors of Rome had taken Phosphate—

But Phosphate was unknown in the time of the Romans, so they anointed their bodies with various oils and balms, thus producing a beautiful symmetry of form and great muscular strength. Nevertheless they lacked the nervous strength we now know to be essential to success, and in consequence they failed and fell.

Later in the world's history, men desirous of great strength ate an abundance of foods rich in phosphate, but such gross feeding is no longer popular. The strong man of to-day eats sparingly but takes concentrated

Bitro - Phosphate

—just a 5-grain tablet after every meal, and thus secures not merely symmetry of form and great muscular strength, but the nervous force, the will power, the vigour and vitality, without which true and lasting success cannot be achieved.

Bitro-Phosphate is a concentrated food for the nerves and brain—a restorative of mental and physical strength, and an unailing specific for:—

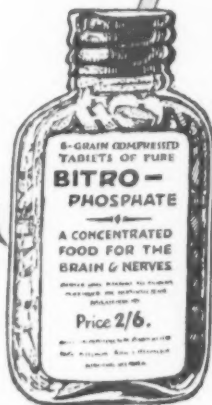
**FAILING STRENGTH
NERVOUSNESS
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BRAIN FAG, ETC.**

Better than Drugs.

Drugs have been used in the past with a certain measure of success, but Bitro-Phosphate is superseding drugs, for the strength it creates is not temporary and false, but real and lasting, and **no harmful reaction ever follows its use.** It nourishes and strengthens weak, exhausted nerves, repairs tissue wastage, and rapidly increases vigour and vitality.

High-class chemists everywhere sell Bitro-Phosphate in handy flat bottles containing two weeks' treatment. The price is 2/6 per bottle, and if you experience the slightest difficulty in obtaining supplies, you should send 2/6 to the sole manufacturers, who will send you a full-sized bottle, together with interesting literature, post free.

**Address:— THE INTERNATIONAL CHEMICAL CO. LTD.,
67-68 Bolsover Street, London, W.**



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES

For I shall see, at the best, only the dawning of the new world which will come into being after the war. They, or some of them, may see it at its meridian.

"Let their watchwords be duty, patriotism, sacrifice.

"I hope they will think always of doing what is right, and of doing it whether it is hard or easy, and of doing it all the more if they are misunderstood or even persecuted in doing it. They will not forget the lesson of the Cross. I hope they will serve the Nation and the Empire, because the Nation and the Empire stand for justice, honour, and freedom. To be worthy of the Empire, and to make the Empire worthy of its God-given mission, should be, and I doubt not will be, their highest ambition. They must have learnt, in the war, that sacrifice, even unto blood-letting, is the price that must be paid for any high service that is to be rendered to the world. It will not be in vain that the best and bravest of young Englishmen have fought and died if they bequeath to their Nation their own noble and splendid spirit.

"To all boys, then, and to all girls, comes the message as though spoken by Heaven itself: 'Be brave, be true, be gentle, be pure,' and 'the Lord their God' will be with them 'whithersoever they go.'

"J. E. C. WELLDON."

You will feel, I am sure, that these two messages bring to us not only encouragement, but a direct challenge. And doubtless you will be eager to accept that challenge. I want very much to hear, from all of you, your thoughts as to how we can use the inspiration and the force of our League in the best and fullest fashion. Next month, perhaps, I shall find room for a few suggestions of my own. I am watching for yours meanwhile.

There is one point, raised in the competition letters recently, that I would like to emphasise. Here is a little hint as to which point is meant.

A dear little chum of mine, Four Years Old, was walking out with her mother the other day. It was one of those gorgeously bright, sunny days of spring that made us all feel glad. Some remark was made about getting all the sunshine possible while it lasted. Then dear Four Years Old, it was noticed, was busy gathering in with her arms heaps of something and stuffing her pockets quickly with it. "I'm filling my pockets, mummie," she explained, "with sunshine,

so we can have it on a dark day." Presently there came a dull, sunless day, and Four Years Old remembered her pockets full of sunshine. "There, now, mummie, we're all in it," she exclaimed, when she had let free in the nursery the imaginary contents of her coat pockets.

If ever all the sunshine and radiance we can store and carry were needed they are needed now. My letter-box this month proves it. Here is one brave Companion writing to me of the loss of her fiancé, a brave young Lieutenant to whom she was to have been married "on his next leave." Here is another whose brother fell in fight in France. Here is another whose "Daddy," one of the King's devoted sea captains, has given up life for his country—"I am so proud that he died in uniform," says his daughter. And so the story might go on. You will all send out thoughts of loving sympathy to these and to all our Companions who suffer in this way. The price we are paying is terribly heavy. But it is for the inestimably great cause of Liberty and Honour that the price is demanded. We must help each other, and remember that a part of our study of the business of citizenship is learning to be courageous sunshine-bringers to those who sit in darkness.

From Members' Letters

These are quotations from various letters from Companions—showing the spirit with which our plans are welcomed by them:

"When I saw the May QUIVER, which came this afternoon, and I read the Corner, I felt I could not let another hour pass before writing to you. I enclose the new coupon. I shall feel very proud to be enrolled as a Y.B.C., and will do my very best to be worthy of the honour, and help as much as I can."

"I am writing to tell you that I think the L.Y.B.C. will be just splendid. You will find my coupon enclosed. Shall we have a badge? I think it would be so nice if we could; it would help to remind us of what we are trying to do."

"I think your idea about the new League awfully nice, and, of course, I will try to help all I can. This is only a line to say I should like to join the League."

"What a stirring title you have given to our new scheme! I am sure it will be a success. I think it is a most noble thought, Alison, that we should work for, and be responsible for the education, etc., of as many 'war orphans' as we possibly can. This, after all, is only the duty of those who so far, and when this terrible conflict is over, have their loved ones spared."

Correspondence Notes

OLIVE G. BUDD (age 18, London) we are glad to welcome into the League. "I think it will be splendid," she wrote.

THE QUIVER

A. L. (Trinidad).—You are not any too old, if you are interested. I hope you will fill in the coupon soon.

ISABEL DORSON.—Delighted by your prompt letter. Isabel's flower selling for our Fund began early this year—in April!

A. S. H. BROCKIE.—Many thanks for an interesting letter. I should have quoted had we not been so full up this month.

AGNES N. IRVING (S. Africa).—Companions will all be glad Agnes has recovered fully from her serious illness. "During this dreadful time," she says, "girls who have any 'go' in them stand a splendid chance of doing 'their bit.'"

IDA and ENID JONES sent contributions to our Fund; as also did

WINNIE TOPLISS, DOROTHY JEAN BEST, ISABEL YOUNG, EMILY PRETSELL, DOROTHY A. CHANDLER (New Zealand), and CONSTANCE BARRY (South Africa).

DOROTHY LITTON.—I was glad to hear from you again, Dorothy. I know boarding-school arrangements do not allow much time for letter writing, so understand the gaps between your letters. "The country round here is looking very beautiful just now, especially the lanes with willow-palm and blackthorn in the hedges, and primroses and violets on the banks. We have also found several nests; yesterday I saw a moorhen's nest with eight eggs in it; it was made of straw and set on the end of a tiny sand spit going out into the stream. I do love all these spring sights, and pity you living in London, where, I am afraid, you cannot see them like we country folk."

ELSIE M. SMITH introduced DOROTHY TUNNARD (age 15, Lincs) and EILEEN O'HARA. Congratulations, Elsie. I hope your circle is coming into the League soon!

BERTHA HALL (age 17, Lincs) was an early recruit for the League, and

BERYL MILNER LE GRICE (age 13, Suffolk), whom we welcomed into our Companionship in June, has sent in her League coupon now.

ISABEL YOUNG earned the half-crown sent to our Fund by spring cleaning! "I hope I shall have some more to do before I return to school." Bravo!

"On the last day of the term our form mistress," wrote Isabel, "suggested that we should take our daffodil, narcissus and tulip bulbs to the workhouse. I had never been there before, and I was so impressed with the scrupulous cleanliness and order. When I saw the old women sitting on wooden chairs down either side of a long room and found that some were blind and the others infirm with age, and apparently sitting there day after day in the same monotonous manner, it made me feel that I ought never to be discontented with what seem sometimes dreary lessons. The old women were delighted with the primroses and daffodils which we pinned on their shawls."

IRENE and FLORENCE FAIR sent me such nicely written notes. These two dear little maidens were busy weeks and weeks ago, with their mother and daddy helping, for a sale for our Fund. We all hope they had a very happy time on "the" afternoon in June. Both are already members of the L.Y.B.C.

W. ALLISON LAIDLAW.—Many thanks for your most interesting letter. I hope the magazine reached you after all, and that I shall soon receive your new registration coupon!

Now do, please, each one who has not written about the League, send me a letter quickly. I might add that our Letter Prizes will be given month by month as before, and we shall have competitions, etc. All those whose names are on the original Companionship list are, for the present, eligible for the competitions, etc. But I hope it will soon be superseded through the new register having most of the old members upon it.

Your Companion
Friend,

M. M. M.

TO HELP THE CHILDREN OF SERBIA

WE in Britain know something of the suffering brought about by the war, but we can hardly realise what it has cost our brave Allies in Serbia.

Most children have heard how little Serbia was overrun by the armies of Germany, Austria and Bulgaria. Every man who could carry a gun was serving in the army to repel the invaders, and thousands of brave fellows lost their lives in fighting for their country. Many of our boys and girls will have heard how splendidly the Serbian Relief Fund has been helping. A Children's Branch has now been established. Serbian refugee children are being supported and educated in this country, but the great aim of the Children's Branch is to establish a

British Orphanage in Serbia for the children of soldiers who have fallen in the war. The young readers of THE QUIVER—and older readers, too—will want to have a hand in this work. The secretary of the Children's Branch, 5 Cromwell Road, London, S.W., has prepared little booklets of 1d. and 3d. stamps (1s. and 5s. to a book) which she will send to those desirous of collecting. It is intended to draw up a Children's Roll of Sympathy, to be sent to H.M. the King of Serbia, and all who collect 1s. and upwards will have their names entered upon this roll, and will also receive a Certificate of Honour.

How many names shall QUIVER readers put on the roll?



Hungry Hun from water-logged trench sniffing the aroma of Cocoa:

“HI! TOMMY, HAF YOU FRY’S?
WE PLENTY WATER HAF.”

Fry's PURE
BREAKFAST
COCOA



*"To Cure—is the Voice of the Past.
To Prevent—is the Divine Whisper of the Present."*

INDOOR WORKERS.

When brainwork, nerve strain, and lack of exercise make you feel languid—tired—"blue"—a little

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

in a glass of cold water will clear your head and tone your nerves.

This world-famous natural aperient for over 40 years has been the standard remedy for constipation, indigestion, impure blood and indigestion.

It is pleasant and convenient to take, positive in action, positive in results. The safest and most dependable digestive stimulant.

It is not from what a man eats, but from what he digests, that the blood is made, and remembering that the first act of digestion is chewing the food thoroughly, and that it is only through doing so that correct fermentation takes place.

A profitable food and eating between meals are a good cause of indigestion, etc., because introducing a fresh mass of food into the mass already partly assimilated arrests the healthy action of the stomach, and causes the food not received to be with impure fermentation takes place.

A further cause of indigestion is not to eat your meals, and get up from table with a desire to eat more, and the food goes on from that but some get indigestion, or more of acidity, or flatulence. These errors have been adapted in principle by all doctors of medicine, and we recommend their use.

"A Little at the Right Time, is better than Much and Running Over at the Wrong."

ENO'S FRUIT SALT IS SOLD BY CHEMISTS AND STORES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

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J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'Fruit Salt' Works, London, S.E.

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**DIGESTIVE
■ BISCUIT ■**

"The Premier Biscuit of Britain."

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

**RED
WHITE
& BLUE**

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

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Prompt despatch. Packed free. Carriage Paid.

DISCOUNT FOR CASH, OR PAYMENTS TO SUIT BUYERS' CONVENIENCE.

Send post card to day for Illustrated Price Lists PER ST. 3.00 &c.

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